

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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And argument fine—
But should you once mention
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Madeira



JOHN GREGSON starring in 'The Battle of the River Plate'—
the picture chosen for this year's Royal Film Performance.

The battle for 'The Battle of the River Plate'

THE VICTORY at the Battle of the River Plate has now settled proudly into place in our history. It was a peculiarly British type of engagement — a gritty fight against odds.

The Battle of the River Plate is a mighty story. To tell it in a film has been a delicate task. Overplayed, it would have been embarrassing. Underplayed, meaningless. It needed an accurate sense of balance, sound judgement. Yet this film of British behaviour was very nearly made by the enthusiastic showmen of Hollywood, who wanted this story badly. In the event, The Rank Organisation ensured that a piece of British history would be recorded by a British film company.

The battle for the Battle of the River Plate thus had a satisfactory outcome. But how many do not? In competing with the rest of the world we are cruelly hampered as long as Entertainment Tax in this country takes £33 million a year from the industry. If the home market were our only outlet, under present taxation our films would very seldom recover their costs of production.

But what of the future? The British film industry at the moment is just about holding its own. We live on hope. In hope. In hope that the Government will recognise the importance of the work being done by the industry and reduce Entertainment Tax to a bearable level. Then we shall have the money to produce more films of an even higher standard, and meet world competition on more equal terms.

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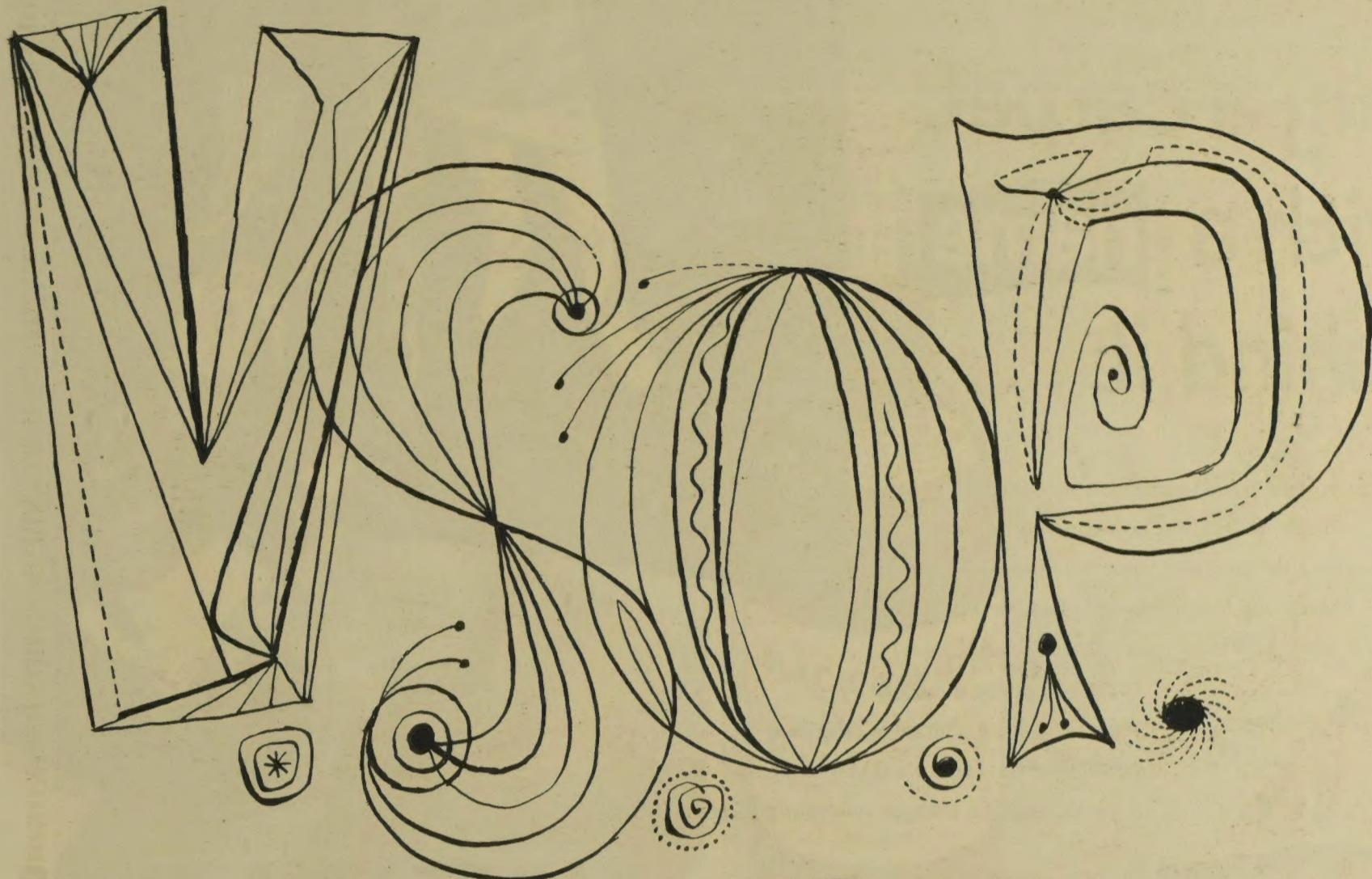


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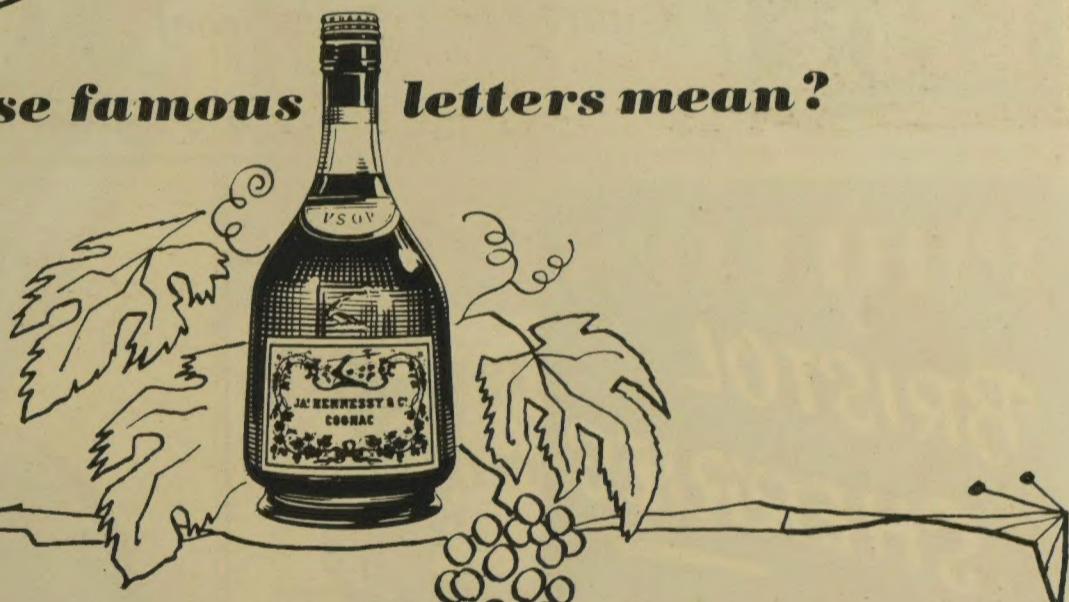
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No one seems quite to remember. The Hennessy family in Cognac say that when they first used the symbol many decades ago, letters such as V.S.O.P. and X.O., as well as the famous ★ markings, were chalked on the hogsheads of brandy by the blender as his personal guide to the brandy's maturity. V.S.O.P. probably meant 'Very Special Old Pale'.

Nowadays, however, as an indication of age and quality, the letters V.S.O.P. on liqueur brandies have become as equivocal in the brandy trade as the description 'Final Night Extra' on an evening newspaper.

But one thing is certain. The label 'V.S.O.P.' means nothing unless coupled with the name of a skipper whose stocks are good

enough, large enough and old enough to ensure continuity of quality and age.

Note for the Curious. Why 'Very Special Old PALE'? Because once upon a time there was a fashion for BROWN BRANDY, which was heavily coloured by the addition of burnt sugar.

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When you are on holiday in France, visit the Hennessy premises in Cognac. There you will learn with your own eyes and palate what V.S.O.P. was originally meant to stand for.

You will see the vast stocks of matured and maturing brandies. You will be able to taste their quality—choosing at random from this hogshead and that: and

you will learn why Hennessy loses none of its brilliance as it ages, but rather gains in character as it mellows in the wood.

You will learn from such a visit why no one in the world can offer you a better choice of genuinely aged Liqueur Cognacs than—

HENNESSY

V.S.O.P. — X.O. — EXTRA

P.S.—Hennessy ★★ is very often served as a liqueur, and why not? It is drawn from the very same stocks as its elder brothers and matured for many years in wood.

Incidentally, it was Maurice Hennessy who, in the year 1865, chose the star as a symbol, inspired by the device embodied in the window catch in his office. You can see it for yourself when you visit Cognac.

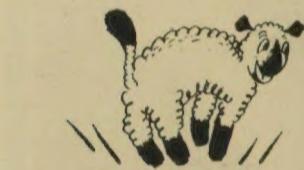
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It's so easy, these days, to choose a *nice-looking* carpet or rug. But how can you be sure of getting the very best value for money?

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rug is of genuine all-wool

pile, and it's a guarantee of *lifelong mothproofing*. There's a BMK design to please you at a price to suit your pocket.



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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

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BRISTOL AMBER

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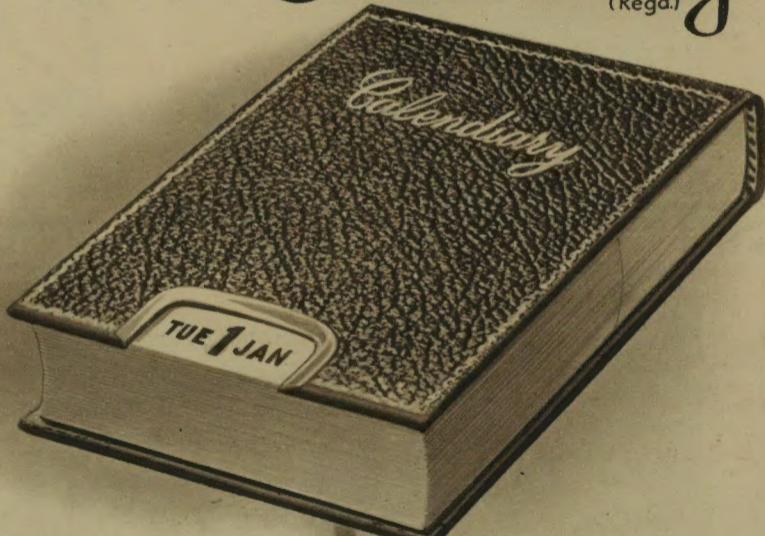
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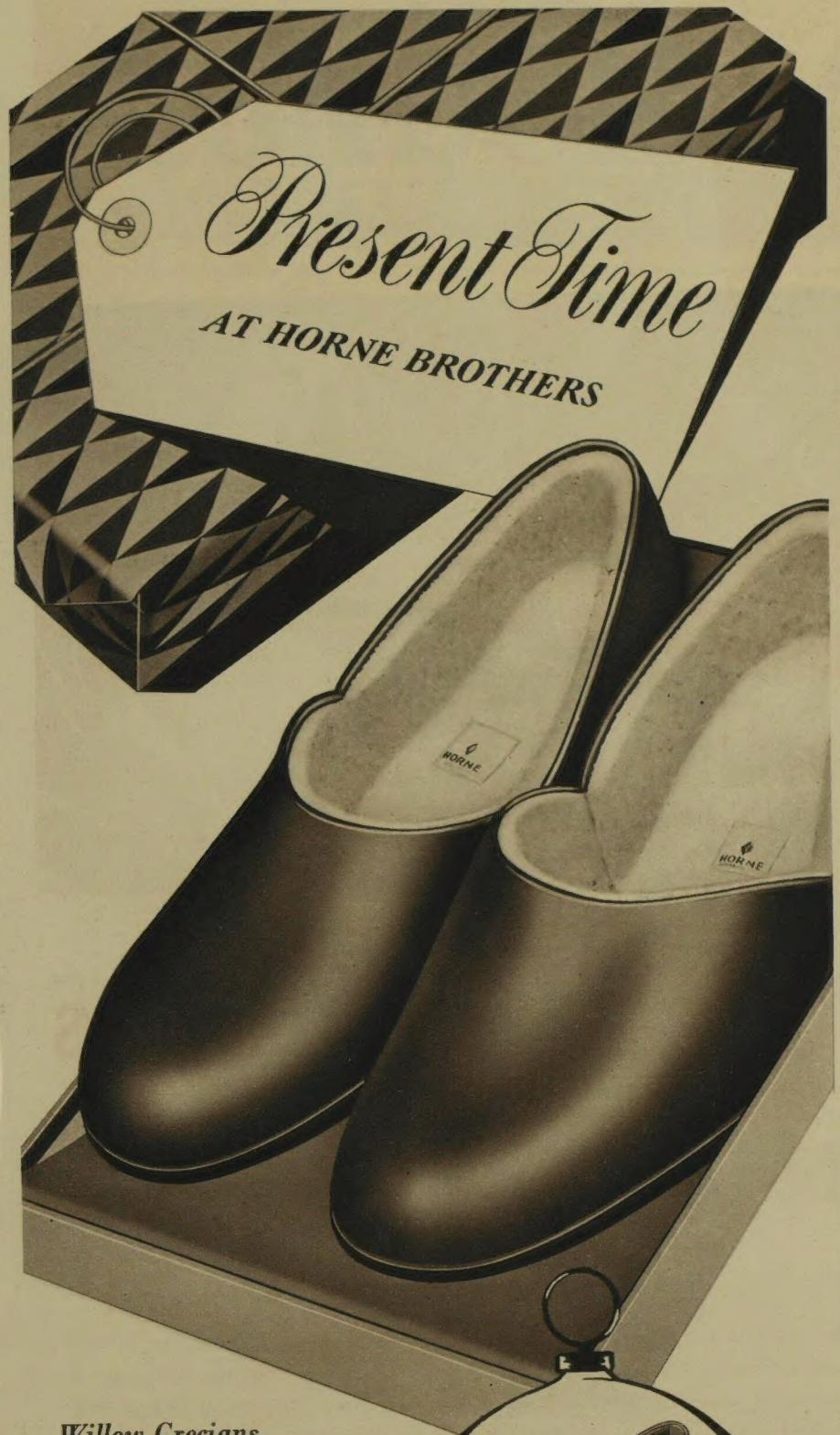


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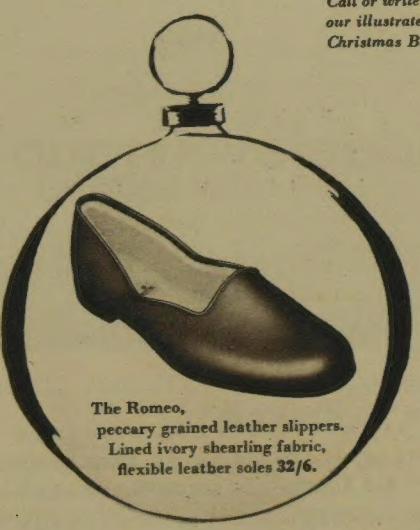
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plush lined, flexible
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The Romeo,
peccary grained leather slippers.
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achieve the quality
and flavour for which
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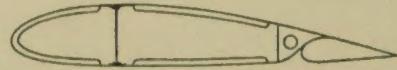
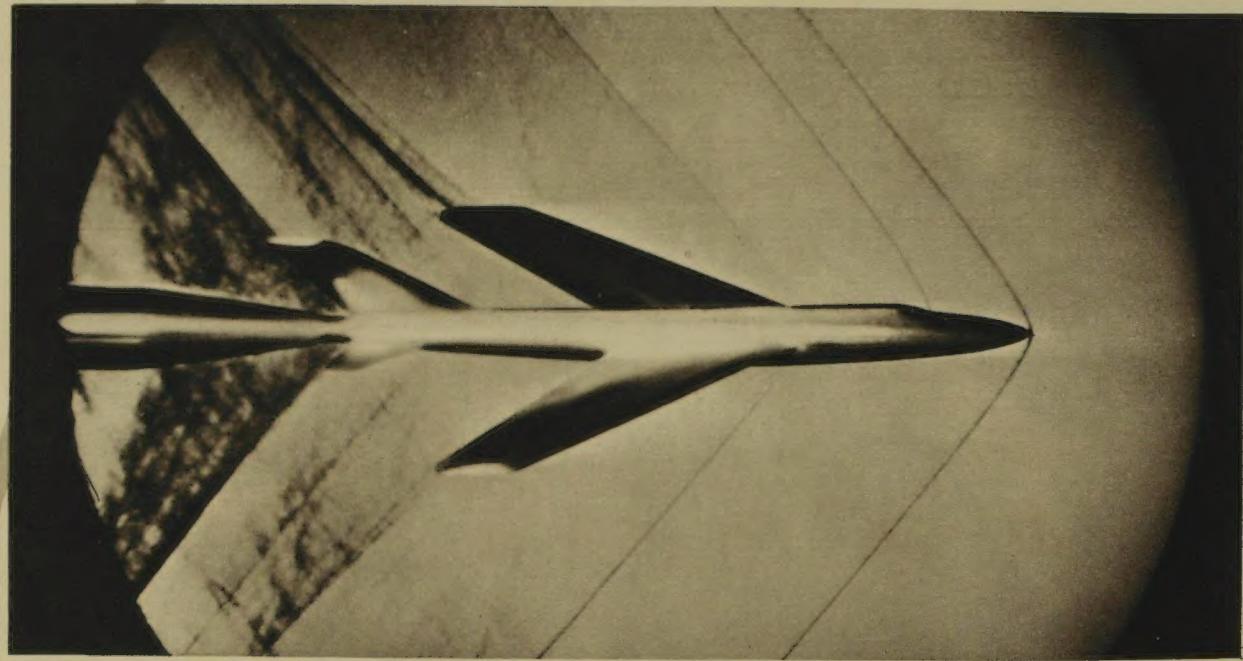
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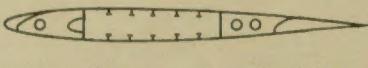
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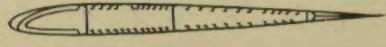
RIGHT : An air blast faster than the speed of sound sends shock-waves streaking from the wing tips of this model under test in the Group's supersonic wind tunnel.



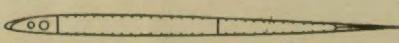
Typical last war wing. Thickness 16% of width



Swept wing. Thickness reduced to 10%



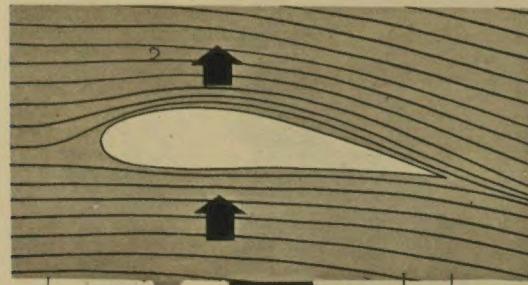
Advanced high-speed wing. Thickness down to 8%



Experimental wing. Thickness only 5%

ABOVE : Diagrams show the relentless "thinning down" of modern high-speed wing sections to cut drag.

BELOW: Airflow over a wing decreases pressure on the top surface and increases it on the under-surface. This gives an aircraft its lift.



How Thin can Nothing be?

In a few years time the wing forms of today may be as outmoded as those of the bi-plane. One thing is certain however — as long as wings are necessary for flight they will become thinner and thinner as man progresses faster and still faster. The reason for this is drag — drag that robs aircraft of their speed and power. Already supersonic aircraft are flying on wings no more than a few inches thick. The thickness of a razor blade is about 0.6% of its width — wings are now being designed with a thickness about 3% of their width ! How thin can nothing be is the impossible ideal of today's designs for tomorrow.

Building strength into these thin wings is a big problem, complicated by the weakening effects on metals of aerodynamic heating. Until wings can be dispensed with entirely, super-strength materials such as titanium and stainless steels are replacing aluminium alloys in their construction. Winged or wingless, the design of the planes of the future is the concern of the aeronautical engineers of the Hawker Siddeley Group — men who in the short span of 50 years have progressed from speeds not much greater than that of a fast car to beyond the speed of sound. If we as a nation are to be equipped and ready to meet any threat to our existence and if we are to remain leaders in a world at peace, this continual research and development must go on.

Research at Hawker Siddeley Group

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1956.



STILL UNDEFEATED IN BUDAPEST : ANTI-GOVERNMENT DEMONSTRATORS ARE HERDED INTO A POLICE VAN AFTER CLASHES ON DECEMBER 6. MARTIAL LAW WAS DECLARED BY THE KADAR GOVERNMENT ON DECEMBER 9.

Despite the overwhelming forces pitted against them and the great lessening of their numbers by casualties, deportations and escapes to freedom, the gallant citizens of Budapest have continued actively to defy the Kadar Government imposed on them by their Soviet oppressors. On December 4 and 5 hundreds of the city's women gathered together to demonstrate at a number of points and were ruthlessly dispersed. (These incidents are covered more fully on page 1023.) On December 6 a clash was reported between several hundred factory workers and Hungarian security police and Russian soldiers.

The arrests shown in this photograph took place on that occasion. Strong protests were made against these and other arrests and a 48-hour general strike was called by the Budapest Central Workers' Council. Shortly afterwards Budapest was cut off from telephone contact with the outside world. Late on December 9 Budapest Radio announced that martial law had been declared throughout Hungary, and that the Central Workers' Council of Budapest and all district and regional workers' councils were to be immediately dissolved. Hungarian military courts were to be set up from December 11.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"HISTORY," said the late Henry Ford—that apostle of abounding transatlantic commercial self-confidence of which Mr. Dulles has made himself, in his modest way, the present-day spokesman—"is bunk!" It may be, but then so are the irrationalism, folly and periodic wickedness of mankind which it so faithfully mirrors. The pages of a great historian are a glass in which we can, if we choose, gaze on ourselves as political creatures, as we really are and not as we blindly choose to imagine ourselves. The greater the historian, the clearer that reflection becomes; it might even, if mankind took a little more trouble to educate itself, sometimes cause it to avoid some of its former errors. For all that from day to day confronts, perplexes and appals us has happened before, not, of course, in exactly the same way—for the variations in the sequence of events are infinite—but from the same causes, that is from the failings and idiosyncrasies of human nature. Here, as we survey the past, we see ourselves and our political representatives in action; here, though wearing other clothes and addressing themselves to other, as it seems, problems, are Mr. Gaitskell speaking or Mr. Selwyn Lloyd acting. Life in the political sphere is like marriage in the social—a recurrent lesson in which every generation is confronted with the same conundrums and blunders as its predecessor. "I have seen," said Browning's Ogniben, "thirty-and-twenty leaders of revolts."

Sickened by the story of Suez, Hungary and the irresponsibility and double-talk of the brand-new political Tower of Babel in New York, to whose unrealism we have so perilously hitched our ancient national star, I turned for consolation the other day to what I regard as the greatest historical work of our age, Winston Churchill's "The World Crisis." This majestic and Thucydidean book tells the story of the steps that led mankind to the threshold of Armageddon in 1914 and what befell it after it crossed it. The only history in our language that affords any parallel to it is Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," but this, though a masterpiece, was partly written, like Churchill's history of the Second World War, when its author was past his prime and without the continuous vitality and energy which is required for the marshalling of innumerable and complex facts into a balanced and flowing historical narrative. Churchill's "World Crisis," on the other hand, was written when he was still in his vigorous latter forties and at the highest peak of his astonishing genius. That his greatest service to Britain and the world was performed when he was approaching his seventieth year and the magnitude of that service tend inevitably to blind us to the fact that his powers, like those of all men, have been subject to the natural processes of the years, of growth, fulfilment and waning. He was still a very great man when he saved human liberty in his seventh decade and described how he did it in his eighth decade. But he was an even greater man, measured at any rate by brain power and vitality, when in the fifth decade of his life, he recalled his experiences and those of Western Man in the first of the two great convulsions brought about in our time by German political instability and ambition.

Turning in a few hours of leisure over the pages of this wonderful book, I was able to live again through the stupendous events of the late summer and autumn of 1914. In no period in our troubled lifetime, even, I suspect, in the history of the world, has so much that was terrible and momentous happened simultaneously and in so small a compass of time. The great battles in France—the assault on the frontiers, the sweep, pace and surge of the immense German host's turning movement through Belgium round the flank of the seemingly doomed French and British armies, the heroic resistance of Britain's little but superlatively trained and disciplined fighting force at Mons and Le Cateau, the miracle of Gallieni's counter-attack, the grim defence of Ypres and the road to the Channel by six decimated and hopelessly outnumbered British infantry divisions—the advance of the Russian hordes into East Prussia and Galicia, and their unexpected defeat by the Teuton giants, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, at Tannenberg; the silent conflict on the watery wastes of the mighty navies of Britain and Germany; the movements of fighting men, vehicles, guns and ships in every corner of the globe, all are

superlatively marshalled and related in this splendid narrative. There is much that is familiar to an Englishman of late middle age with a fair memory, and much, too, that has almost entirely been forgotten. How many modern British readers and electors, for instance, remember to-day the reckless valour with which—regardless of the murderous fire-power of modern weapons, the German plan to roll up their north-western flank and the unheeded warnings of the despised British generals—the French flung themselves against their hereditary enemy on the frontiers in the fatal and all but decisive third week of the war?

It was for the tactical sphere that General Joffre and his school of "Young Turks," as they came to be called in France, had reserved their crowning mistakes.

The French infantry marched to battle conspicuous on the landscape in blue breeches and red coats. Their artillery officers in black and gold were even more specially defined targets. Their cavalry gloried in ludicrous armour. The doctrine of the offensive raised to the height of a religious frenzy animated all ranks, and in no rank was restricted by the foreknowledge of the modern rifle and machine-gun. A cruel surprise lay before them.

The battle began on the 20th when the two armies of the French right advanced to the south of Metz. They were resisted on the front by strongly prepared German defences and violently attacked upon their left by the Bavarian Army issuing from the radial roads and railways of the fortress. The Third French Army marching north towards Arlon blundered into the Germans in the morning mist of August 22, four or five of its divisions having their heads shorn away while they were still close to their camping grounds. Everywhere along the battle front, whenever Germans were seen, the signal was given to charge. "Vive la France!" "A la baionnette," "En Avant"—and the brave troops, nobly led by their regimental officers, who sacrificed themselves in even greater proportion, responded in all the magnificent fighting fury for which the French nation has been traditionally renowned. Sometimes these hopeless onslaughts were delivered to the strains of the "Marseillaise," six, seven or even eight hundred yards from the German positions. Though the Germans invaded, it was more often the French who attacked. Long swathes of red and blue corpses littered the stubble fields. The collision was general along the whole battle front, and there was a universal recoil. In the mighty battle of the Frontiers, the magnitude and terror of which is scarcely now known to British consciousness, more than 300,000 Frenchmen were killed, wounded or made prisoners.*

Consider the bearing of what happened in those few days on the history of France since that time, how important it is that the people of this country—France's ally—should realise it, and how very few of them, despite Sir Winston's narrative genius, do. Or, as a complete contrast, take that familiar but never-to-be-forgotten passage in which the author describes the passage from the Channel to the Orkneys of the great Fleet which he and the father of the present First Sea Lord sent with such prescience and moral courage to its station before either Government or nation had awoken to its peril.

We may now picture this great Fleet, with its flotillas and cruisers, steaming slowly out of Portland Harbour, squadron by squadron, scores of gigantic castles of steel wending their way across the misty, shining sea, like giants bowed in anxious thought.

We may picture them again as darkness fell, eighteen miles of warships running at high speed and in absolute blackness through the narrow Straits, bearing with them into the broad waters of the North the safeguard of considerable affairs. . . . If war should come, no one would know where to look for the British Fleet. Somewhere in that enormous waste of waters to the north of our islands, cruising now this way, now that, shrouded in storms and mists, dwelt this mighty organisation. Yet from the Admiralty building we could speak to them at any moment if need arose. The King's ships were at sea.†

I wonder whether Mr. Dulles or even President Eisenhower has ever read Sir Winston's book, and whether their horizons might not be a little widened by such reading. They would certainly find it—and I can at least guarantee that—an enjoyable experience.

* "The World Crisis 1914-1918." By W. S. Churchill. I, 218-19. (1938 Ed.; Odhams.)

† *Idem*, 171-72.

THE DEATH OF HER HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE.



A GRANDCHILD OF QUEEN VICTORIA: THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, WHO DIED ON DECEMBER 8, AGED EIGHTY-FOUR.

Her Highness Princess Marie Louise, the eldest of the six surviving grandchildren of Queen Victoria, died in London on December 8 at the age of eighty-four. She was the second daughter of Queen Victoria's third daughter, Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and was born on August 12, 1872. In 1891 she married Prince Aribert of Anhalt, but the marriage was dissolved in 1900 and the Princess resumed her unmarried name and returned to England. From then on she devoted her life to public service, and up to the time of her death continued to work tirelessly on behalf of many branches of social service. Blessed with an amazing vitality which did not diminish with her advancing years, Princess Marie Louise continued to fulfil a programme of strenuous engagements and, as recently as last year, made a tour of South Africa. For nearly fifty years she shared a home with her sister, Princess Helena Victoria, who died in 1948. They shared a common interest in social welfare work and in the arts, particularly music and the opera. Less than a fortnight before her death, Princess Marie Louise was the guest of honour at a literary luncheon held to mark the publication of her autobiography, "My Memories of Six Reigns," the manuscript of which she wrote in longhand.

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BUDAPEST: DEMONSTRATIONS BY THE CITY'S WOMEN; AND IDENTIFYING THE DEAD.



(Above.)

DEFYING A SOVIET TANK IN THE STREETS OF BUDAPEST: A NUMBER OF WOMEN ON THEIR WAY TO A DEMONSTRATION ON DECEMBER 5 ARE TEMPORARILY HALTED.

RECENT reports from Budapest and the announcement on December 9 that Martial Law was to be declared throughout Hungary have made it clear that the Freedom Fighters were still actively continuing their defiance of the Soviet puppet government, headed by Mr. Kadar. On December 4 thousands of Budapest women gathered round the tomb of Hungary's Unknown Soldier and heaped flowers on it. There were several clashes between the women and Soviet troops and Hungarian security police. Four shots were fired, and one woman was injured in a scuffle at the end of the demonstration, during which large numbers of Soviet troops had gathered in the area. On the following day further groups of women gathered for demonstrations at various points in the city, including one opposite the British Legation, in which a number of the demonstrators were given shelter when they were being scattered by Soviet tanks. Meanwhile the heavy task of identifying the victims of the earlier fighting continues.

(Right.)

JUST BEFORE THEY WERE DISPERSED BY SOVIET TROOPS, WHO FIRED FOUR SHOTS: SOME OF THE WOMEN DEMONSTRATORS LAYING FLOWERS ON THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB IN BUDAPEST ON DECEMBER 4.



FOLLOWING THE BLACK FLAG OF MOURNING: A COLUMN OF BUDAPEST WOMEN MARCH TO A DEMONSTRATION AT THE MONUMENT TO SANDOR PETOEFI, HUNGARY'S NATIONAL POET OF 1848.



A GRIM TASK FOR SURVIVING RELATIVES: COFFINS WITH THE BODIES OF THOSE KILLED DURING THE FIGHTING IN BUDAPEST ARE LINED UP FOR IDENTIFICATION.



TRYING TO FIND A LOST FRIEND: A MAN RAISES THE LID OF A COFFIN TO SEE THE BODY INSIDE, AS OTHERS LOOK ON ANXIOUSLY.

DEVELOPMENTS IN SUEZ: U.N. CONTINGENTS MOVE IN; AND SALVAGE WORK.



THE UNITED NATIONS FLAG IN EGYPT: A SERGEANT OF THE DANISH CONTINGENT STANDS BY THE FLAG IN THE BUFFER ZONE BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND THE EGYPTIAN LINES SOUTH OF EL CAP.



FROM DENMARK TO EGYPT: MEMBERS OF THE DANISH CONTINGENT RELAX SOON AFTER TAKING UP THEIR POSITIONS OPPOSITE THE EGYPTIAN LINES ON NOVEMBER 30. THE DANES WERE THE FIRST U.N. TROOPS TO BE GIVEN ACTIVE DUTIES.



TAKING OVER A POWER STATION AT PORT FUAD: A PARTY OF 120 COLOMBIAN TROOPS WHO JOINED THE UNITED NATIONS FORCE ON DECEMBER 4. THE SKELETON COLOMBIAN BATTALION NUMBERED 270 MEN.



ARRIVING IN THE SUEZ BUFFER ZONE ON DECEMBER 2: SOME OF THE 120 INDIAN PARACHUTE TROOPS WHO TOOK OVER FROM THE DANISH CONTINGENT IN THE NO-MAN'S-LAND JUST SOUTH OF EL CAP.



RAISING A 15-TON FLOATING CRANE SUNK AT PORT SAID. H.M.S. FORTH, HEADQUARTERS SHIP FOR THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS, IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

By December 9 the Anglo-French forces in Port Said had been run down to a minimum for maintaining the internal security of the city. Some 11,000 British troops had already been withdrawn from Egypt. On December 8 the Allied front-line positions at El Cap had been handed over to Indian United Nations troops of the Kumaon Rifles. Considerable anxiety was caused on December 7 by the discovery of an attempt by Egyptians disguised as fishermen to smuggle arms and ammunition into Port Said. The discovery was made



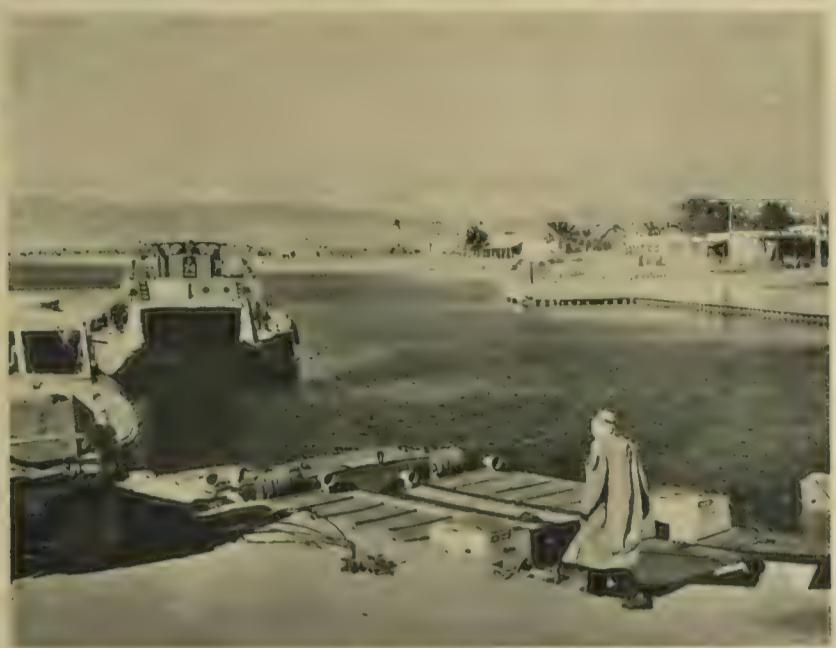
TAKING THE STRAIN OF THE 15-TON FLOATING CRANE: TWO LIFTING CRAFT AT WORK AT PORT SAID, WHERE A PRELIMINARY CHANNEL WAS CLEARED BY NOVEMBER 26.

by a patrol of the 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, in the fishing village of Qabuti, on the shores of Lake Manzala. The arms were being carried ashore from fishing-boats in heavy fishing baskets. The incident was reported to Major-General Burns, commander of the U.N. emergency force, and the whole of Port Said was quickly put out of bounds to all British troops, except those on duty there. The first United Nations charter salvage vessel arrived in Port Said on December 8.

AKABA: JORDAN'S ONLY PORT, WHICH BRITISH TROOPS MAY SOON EVACUATE.



JORDAN'S ONLY OUTLET TO THE SEA; AND BRITAIN'S ONLY INFANTRY BASE IN THE COUNTRY: THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF AKABA, LOOKING NORTH.



THE SMALL JORDANIAN PORT OF AKABA, WHICH IS A BASE FOR THE ARAB LEGION AND HAS ALSO BEEN A BRITISH ARMY BASE.



WHERE ISRAEL, JORDAN AND EGYPT MEET: THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF AKABA. (1) THE EGYPTIAN SHORE; (2) PALESTINE TERRITORY; (3) THE GULF; (4) AKABA; AND (5) THE MOUNTAINS OF JORDAN. THE ARAB LEGION HUTMENTS CAN BE SEEN ON THE PLAIN, RIGHT.



IN THE TINY TOWN OF AKABA: THE ARAB LEGION REST-HOUSE AND THE CUSTOMS HOUSE, ON THE SHORE OF THE PORT, WHICH BRITAIN MAY SHORTLY EVACUATE.



THE MAIN STREET OF AKABA: ON THE LEFT IS A RUINOUS TURKISH FORT; WITH THE BLUE WATERS AT THE END OF THE ROAD AND THE MOUNTAINS OF SINAI BEYOND.

On November 27 Soliman el Nabulsi, the Prime Minister of Jordan, announced at Amman that his Government would seek to end the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty of 1948 and to arrange for the evacuation of British forces; and would accept financial aid from Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia in place of the annual British subsidy. This subsidy, in various grants and interest-free loans, of which direct grants total about £10,000,000, has a total for the year 1956-57 of about £12,500,000. As some indication of the significance of this sum, Jordan's 1954-55 budget revenue was 6,654,875

dinars (the dinar equalling the pound sterling). The British bases referred to are two R.A.F. airfields, at Mafrag and Amman; and the small base at Akaba, at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, which is that branch of the Red Sea which lies to the east of Sinai. Here Britain has at present some armoured troops—the 10th Hussars, a company of The Middlesex Regiment, and an anti-aircraft battery. As our photographs show at this point, Egypt, Israel and Jordan run together, the Israeli port of Eilat being just across the border from Akaba; and the Arabian frontier is only a few miles away.

TWO subjects have recently dwarfed all others in international affairs. They are the Suez Canal crisis and the martyrdom of Hungary. They continue to hold the leading places. At the beginning of December, however, two others, themselves closely connected, have reappeared, brought into the light again to a great extent by events in Hungary. Governments have at last found time to pass on from startled and saddened contemplation of the tragic affairs in that country to consideration of their probable influence on the future. And thus the two much older subjects have been gradually taking more space in public discussion, a sure sign that they have been regaining importance in the eyes of governments concerned with them.

The visit of the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, and the Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff, to Belgrade would have been useless before the Russian repression of the Hungarian attempt to gain a measure of freedom. Marshal Tito is a convinced and expert balancer. The Balkan Pact

ceased for the time being to have great importance for him when harmonious relations appeared to be restored with Soviet Russia under the new régime and "Titoism" appeared to be recognised by the Kremlin. Events in Hungary, the barbarous and bloody extinction of what might be called a Hungarian form of Titoism, very sharply changed the Marshal's frame of mind. The Balkan Pact might have been relegated to the lumber-room, but it had not been denounced. It was the only present means of linking Yugoslavia with N.A.T.O. At least get it out and look it over.

The attitude of the Greek Government was simpler. Greece had been the creator of the Balkan Pact, for which she had worked with her eyes open and without illusions as to the motives inspiring the Yugoslav dictator. One cannot say that Graeco-Serb relations had ever been devoted, but a cool friendship based on common interests had nearly always existed. Greece could not but welcome the prospect of its return. We talk vaguely about "strengthening defence"; let us put the object of the Balkan Pact more precisely. It did not absolutely insure that Russia would not overrun south-east Europe. It did absolutely insure that the greatest conceivable satellite combination would not do so or indeed venture to try.

Opposition between Greece and Turkey over Cyprus, heightened by the Turkish attacks on Greek citizens in September 1955, put the pact into a state of dormancy. The Greek Government considered it safer to let it remain dormant rather than attempt to treat it as though it were active, because the latter course might well result in its passing from dormancy to death. I was present on October 22 at a conference held by Mr. Averoff in Athens which has been much discussed since. The Minister said frankly that in view of the present relations between Greece and Turkey it would be useless to make a direct approach in the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE BALKAN PACT AND CYPRUS ISSUES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

hope of reviving the pact. He went on to suggest that its subsequent revival would be desirable.

At that time I found the Greek Government much concerned by one of the Turkish reactions to the demand of Cyprus for self-determination. This was the combination of a demand for the cession of Western Thrace to Turkey if Cyprus became Greek—hardly an official demand but one made by inspired "spokesmen"—with propaganda directed to Greek Moslem subjects and accusations that they were ill-treated. These people were excepted, together with the Greek inhabitants of Istanbul, from the compulsory exchange of populations between the two countries after the First World War, and their rights are protected

It would be unjust to say that the Greek attitude is due to determination to give Turkey no cause for grievance, since Greece has a good record in her treatment of minorities. The desire, however, also plays a part. As regards Cyprus, the Greek Government's problem is subtle and difficult. Greece regrets the weakening of N.A.T.O. and

the breach with the United Kingdom created by the controversy. It was obvious to any observer that the Government was considering whether anything could be done to repair them within what it considered its obligations to Cyprus. It has, however, more than obligations to consider. It is pestered by the Opposition, which reads into every word of moderation treachery to the Cypriot cause.

The Opposition's power and by far its most potent weapon is the inflammability of Greek emotions. No Government would survive a general suspicion that it meant to sell the pass. British diplomatists find it not very brave. Perhaps they are right—but do they always find their own politicians very brave? At all events

those who hope for a contribution from Greece in finding a solution in Cyprus must take into account two limiting factors: a limit to flexibility imposed by the Government's mandate and sentiments, and caution to avoid exploitation of public opinion by the Opposition. Greece has canvassed widely for support in the United Nations. Within these limits I believe she will do her best for a settlement.

Then there is the British side. Here it is to be hoped that more imagination will appear than has lately been shown. An outsider would be inclined to infer the presence of too many advisers putting in their spokes. Sir John Hardinge lately described the terms offered to Cypriots in arms as generous. This is a matter of interpretation. What seems nearer the truth is that they were not really truce terms, and a truce was all there was. One long step forward



THE VOICE OF THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT WHICH HAD REPEATEDLY REFUSED ADMITTANCE OF U.N. OBSERVERS TO HUNGARY: (LEFT) MR. HORVATH, THE HUNGARIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, AT THE UNITED NATIONS, WITH MR. MENON, OF INDIA, AND DR. SIK, THE HUNGARIAN DEPUTY FOREIGN MINISTER, IN CONSULTATION.

Since December 3 when the General Assembly of the United Nations interrupted its debate to take up the Hungarian crisis and the non-compliance of Russia and the régime in Hungary with resolutions passed by the Assembly, the Assembly has repeatedly urged that Mr. Hammarskjöld and U.N. observers be allowed to visit Budapest, and the Kadar Government has repeatedly put off any such visit. Mr. Hammarskjöld's final request to be allowed to visit Budapest on December 16 had received no definite answer by December 10 and he questioned whether any purpose would be served by a visit at a later date.

by the Treaty of Lausanne. On one point the Greek Government seemed unduly anxious. I do not think anyone abroad has taken the accusations of ill-treatment seriously. In fact, in this country, which hears more than most about Greece, virtually no one knows that there have been such charges.

As I drove about Western Thrace, then at its worst as the dry land gasped for the rain still withheld, I felt that trouble might be made here. Yet I saw no trace either of oppression or of bad feeling between the peasantry of the two religions who shared its villages and such land as was suitable for cattle, grain, and the tobacco plant; who sat together on the local councils; who drew on a basis of equality upon credits for which their crops were hypothecated, their only means of paying their way. The nomarchs or prefects worked under firm instructions that those of Turkish race, and all Moslems, should be fairly treated. Indeed, the tendency was to stretch parity a little in their favour. The problem at present is not injustice or intolerance. It is poverty.

has been made since it has been generally recognised that the ban upon Cypriot self-determination cannot be a matter for eternity. There is no space to debate the intricate matter of what is called "a fixed reasonable period" within which to exercise the right. We shall hear more about it.

On the Turkish side I have nothing to add to what I have said previously. It would in this case be right and proper to introduce into the future charter of the island all reasonable safeguards for its Turkish population. It would be well to go even further here than has been the practice in analogous cases. On the other hand, it would be an indefensible act to recognise any right on the part of Turkey to veto all proposals for the future of Cyprus to which she objected. A counter-claim for the cession of Western Thrace—or the Dodecanese, which has also been mentioned in this respect—is equally inadmissible. However, these matters cannot be tackled until we have seen the proposed new constitution and noted its reception. It is the next milestone on the long road and a very important one.

THE ARTS OF WAR AND PEACE: EVENTS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD.



OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON DECEMBER 5: THE SCULPTURE ROOM IN THE NEW INDIAN PRIMARY GALLERIES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.
The pick of the Victoria and Albert Museum's collections of Indian art, which were shown until last year in galleries adjoining the Imperial Institute, are now splendidly displayed in the new Indian Primary Galleries. Part of the sculpture room, from which four masterpieces are illustrated on page 1043, is shown here.



THE BRITISH COUNCIL SHAKESPEARE EXHIBITION IN PARIS: M. VILAR AND MISS MCLEOD (BRITISH COUNCIL), LOOKING AT A MODEL ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE.
On Dec. 5 a British Council Exhibition entitled "Shakespeare and the English Theatre" was opened in the foyer of the Théâtre National Populaire, where Shakespeare's plays are frequently performed. M. Jean Vilar, seen above, is director and leading actor of the Théâtre National Populaire.



AT VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS' SHIPYARD AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: THE LAUNCHING OF THE NEW PORPOISE CLASS SUBMARINE H.M.S. RORQUAL.
On Dec. 5 the second of the post-war operational submarines of the new *Porpoise* class, H.M.S. *Rorqual*, was launched. The launching was performed by Mrs. A. W. Hemsted, the daughter of Rear Admiral W. J. W. Woods, Flag Officer Submarines.



LANDED AT TILBURY: ONE OF THE TWO RUSSIAN SU 100 TANKS BROUGHT TO ENGLAND FOR EXAMINATION AFTER BEING CAPTURED IN EGYPT.
On Dec. 6 a number of Russian weapons which had been captured in Egypt were landed from the tank landing-craft H.M.S. *Puncher* at Tilbury, having been brought to England for examination. Among them were two SU 100 tanks and two rocket launchers.



DISCUSSING THE U.N. TAKE-OVER OF SINAI POSITIONS: MAJOR-GENERAL BURNS (RIGHT) DURING HIS TALKS WITH MAJOR-GENERAL DAYAN ON DECEMBER 6.
On Dec. 6 the United Nations emergency force commander, Major-General Burns, flew to El Arish, in Sinai, for talks with Major-General Dayan, the Israeli Chief of Staff. They discussed arrangements for the U.N. troops to take over the Sinai positions occupied by the Israeli forces.

THE CLOSE OF THE 16TH OLYMPIC GAMES: SOME
BRITISH MEDALLISTS AND A TROPHY WINNER.



THE BRITISH WOMEN'S 4 BY 100 METRES RELAY TEAM, WHO WERE SECOND TO THE AUSTRALIANS, WHO PUT UP A NEW OLYMPIC AND WORLD RECORD OF 44.5 SECS.: (L. TO R.) J. SCRIVENS, A. PASHLEY, J. PAUL AND H. ARMITAGE.



THE WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP: FIRST, M. McDANIEL (U.S.A.), WITH THE NEW WORLD AND OLYMPIC RECORD OF 5 FT. 9½ INS. AND EQUAL SECOND (L. TO R.) THELMA HOPKINS (G.B.) AND M. PISSAREVA (RUSSIA) WHO TIED AT 5 FT. 5½ INS.



BRONZE MEDALLISTS IN THE MEN'S 4 BY 400 METRES RELAY: THE BRITISH TEAM (L. TO R.) J. E. SALISBURY, D. J. N. JOHNSON, P. HIGGINS AND M. K. V. WHEELER. THEY RAN THIRD TO UNITED STATES (FIRST) AND AUSTRALIA.



SOME OF THE SEVENTY-TWO MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC TEAM WHO ARRIVED AT LONDON AIRPORT ON DECEMBER 9, AFTER FLYING BACK FROM MELBOURNE.



R. McTAGGART, THE BRITISH BOXING GOLD MEDALLIST IN THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CLASS, RECEIVING THE CUP FOR THE MOST STYLISH BOXER. (CENTRE) T. SPINKS, BRITAIN'S OTHER BOXING GOLD MEDALLIST.



(RIGHT) SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD MISS JUDY GRINHAM (G.B.), WHO WON THE GOLD MEDAL IN THE WOMEN'S 100 METRES BACK-STROKE IN A NEW OLYMPIC TIME. (LEFT) MARGARET EDWARDS (G.B.), WHO WAS THIRD.

The sixteenth Olympic Games ended at Melbourne on December 8, when the athletes, flag-bearers and bands swung into the stadium for the last time to the tune of "Will ye no come back again?"—a sentiment echoed in the speech of Mr. Brundage, who called on the youth of all countries to assemble in four years at Rome. Over the stadium flew the flags of Greece, Australia and Italy. The last event in the Games was the Association Football final, which

Russia won 1–0 from Yugoslavia. In the final count of medals Russia led with 37 gold, 29 silver, and 32 bronze, their twelve firsts in a single day in gymnastics and Greco-Roman wrestling enabling them to overhaul the U.S.A., who had 32 gold, 25 silver and 17 bronze. Australia were third with 13 gold, 8 silver and 14 bronze, Hungary fourth, Italy fifth, Sweden sixth, Germany seventh and Great Britain eighth with 6 gold, 7 silver and 11 bronze.

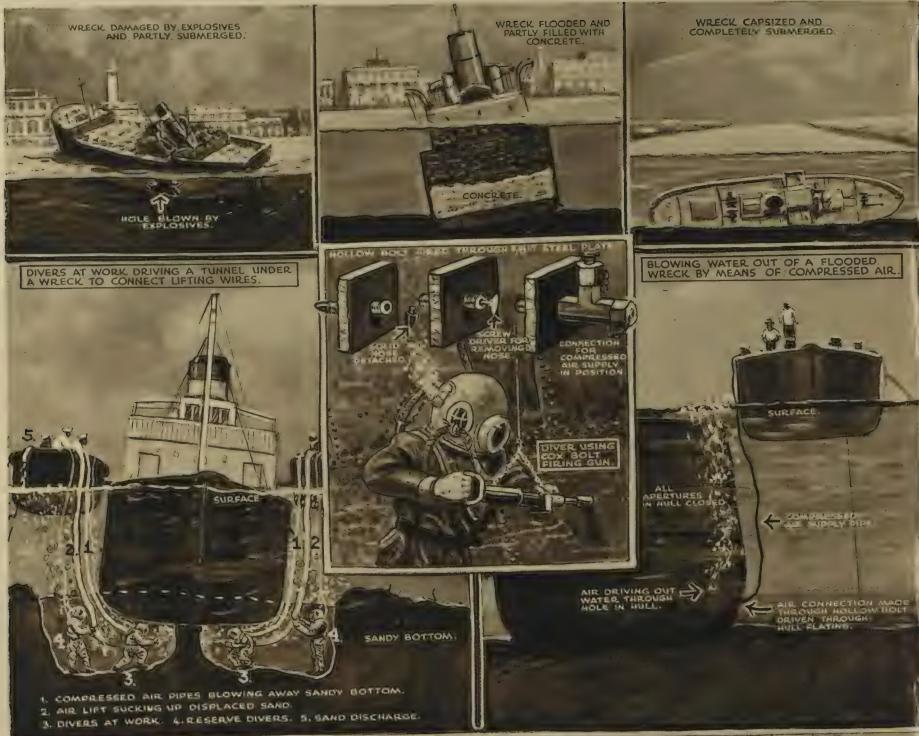


S.T. EVGENIA NIARCHOS (47,120 D.W.T.), SISTER-SHIP TO THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER IN SERVICE, SPYROS NIARCHOS (47,750 D.W.T.): (ABOVE) IN DRY DOCK AND (RIGHT) ON HER TRIALS. HER MAIDEN VOYAGE WAS DUE TO START ON DEC. 11, TO THE PERSIAN GULF VIA THE CAPE.

OIL TRANSPORT DEVELOPMENT: *EVGENIA NIARCHOS*, SISTER-SHIP OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER.

FOR some years now the trend in tanker construction, especially in the huge fleet of the Niarchos Group, has been towards larger and larger ships. The ruling factor in this trend has been the reduction in transportation costs—in a "super-tanker" the construction costs are lower per deadweight ton, the crew is not proportionately larger and the consumption of bunker fuel oil per ton transported is less. Significant though these factors are in normal times—with a securely guaranteed Suez Canal transit—they have an even greater importance in the present oil emergency. *Evgenia Niarchos*, the last of the first group of ten orders placed with Vickers-Armstrongs by Mr. Stavros Niarchos, is the sister-ship of the world's largest single-purpose oil tanker in service, the S.T. *Spyros Niarchos*, which was launched from the same Barrow-in-Furness yard in December 1955. *Evgenia* is 47,120 tons deadweight against the other's 47,750 tons. Nevertheless, even larger tankers are to be built for Mr. Niarchos—one of 65,000 tons in the U.S.A. and two of the same size in German shipyards.





1. COMPRESSED AIR PIPES BLOWING AWAY SANDY BOTTOM.
2. AIR LIFT SUCKING UP DISPLACED SAND.
3. DIVERS AT WORK. 4. RESERVE DIVERS. 5. SAND DISCHARGE.

THE WRECK, HAVING BEEN GIVEN A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF BUOYANCY IS THEN LIFTED EITHER BY MEANS OF "CAMELS" OR BY LIFTING CRAFT, AND THEN PULLED ROUND CLEAR OF THE DEEP WATER CHANNEL.



G. H. DAVID
1956

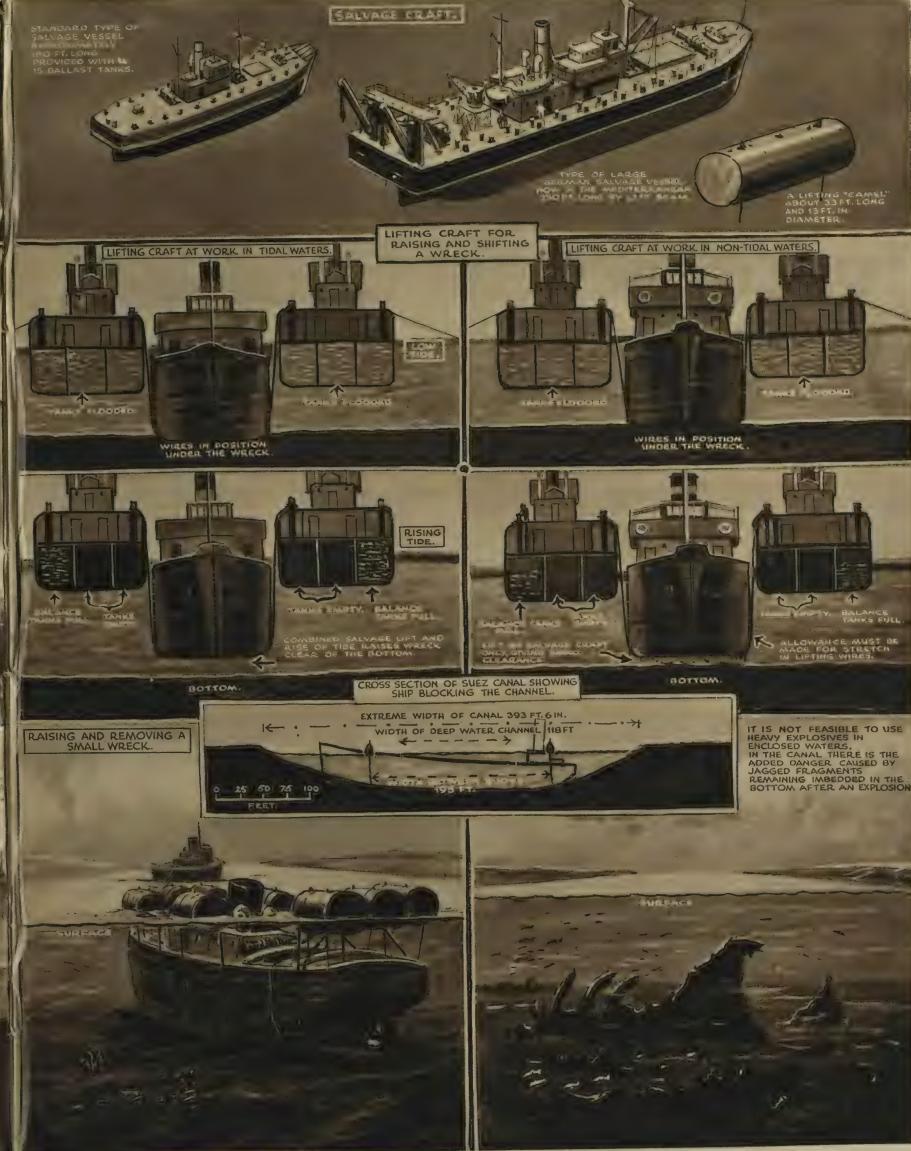
CLEARING THE SUEZ CANAL: SOME OF THE METHODS AND EQUIPMENT USED TO RAISE AND MOVE SUNKEN SHIPS FROM THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT WATERWAY.

At the time of writing, the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, had announced on December 3 the withdrawal without delay from Egypt of the British and French forces. Although the northern end of the Canal and Port Said had been cleared by British and French naval units sufficiently to allow the passage of ships of up to about 10,000 tons, the two questions of completing the clearing of the Canal and of the removal of the four wrecks from it were still unsolved. Mr. Lloyd said he was satisfied from his talks with Mr. Hammarskjöld that the task of completing the clearance of the Canal would

be begun as soon as technically possible and would not be dependent on other considerations. On December 5 Colonel Nasser's chief political aide, Wing Commander Sabri, said Egypt, as a sign of goodwill, would go ahead with survey work in the southern section of the Canal. This initial clearance work was not to begin until the withdrawal of French and British forces was complete. Of the original fifty-one obstructions in the Canal there were still ten, including two bridges, to be seen in the southern section, but there may have been others as yet undetected. The thirteen ships trapped in the

southern section, it was thought, could be towed to the Mediterranean, but Egypt had not yet released them. The withdrawal of the Anglo-French forces was to be completed within three weeks from December 5. On the future control of the Canal, Mr. Hammarskjöld was to promote new negotiations as soon as possible, and Mr. Lloyd had said he believed agreement would be reached in forthcoming discussions and that the requirements of the Security Council resolution of October 13 would be met. These provided for free transit through the Canal without discrimination, for tolls to be decided between users

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVID.



and Egypt, and for "insulation" of the Canal from politics. The methods which can be used for raising or moving underwater obstructions are illustrated above. Unfortunately the wrecks in the Canal cannot be disposed of by destroying them with explosives, as this would both damage the Canal itself and leave dangerous pieces of wreckage lying about the bottom of the Canal. There is only very small clearance between hulls of heavier ships and the Canal bottom. The salvage operations are not made easier, as can be seen from our illustration by the fact that the Canal is non-tidal.

SPECIALLY BUILT TO HOUSE
THE WORLD'S ATHLETES: THE
OLYMPIC VILLAGE.



CATERING FOR THE ATHLETES' DAILY NEEDS: THE SHOPPING CENTRE IN THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE, WHERE THERE ARE ALSO A LAUNDRY AND MEDICAL AND DENTAL CENTRES.



GUARDING THE WOMEN ATHLETES' QUARTERS: A WIRE FENCE 15 FT. HIGH— $\frac{1}{2}$ OF AN INCH HIGHER THAN THE 1952 POLE VAULT RECORD.



ONE OF THE RESTAURANTS IN THE COSMOPOLITAN OLYMPIC VILLAGE WITH A SIGN WHICH ALL CAN UNDERSTAND. THE MODERN AND WELL-APPOINTED VILLAGE IS NOW TO BE USED FOR PRIVATE HOUSING.



AFTER ARRIVING IN THE VILLAGE: THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT RAISING THEIR NATIONAL FLAG AS THREE PHOTOGRAPHERS RECORD THE SCENE.



A CONTROVERSIAL GATEWAY: COMPLAINTS HAVE BEEN MADE ABOUT ITS BARRICADES AND STRICT MILITARY CONTROL.



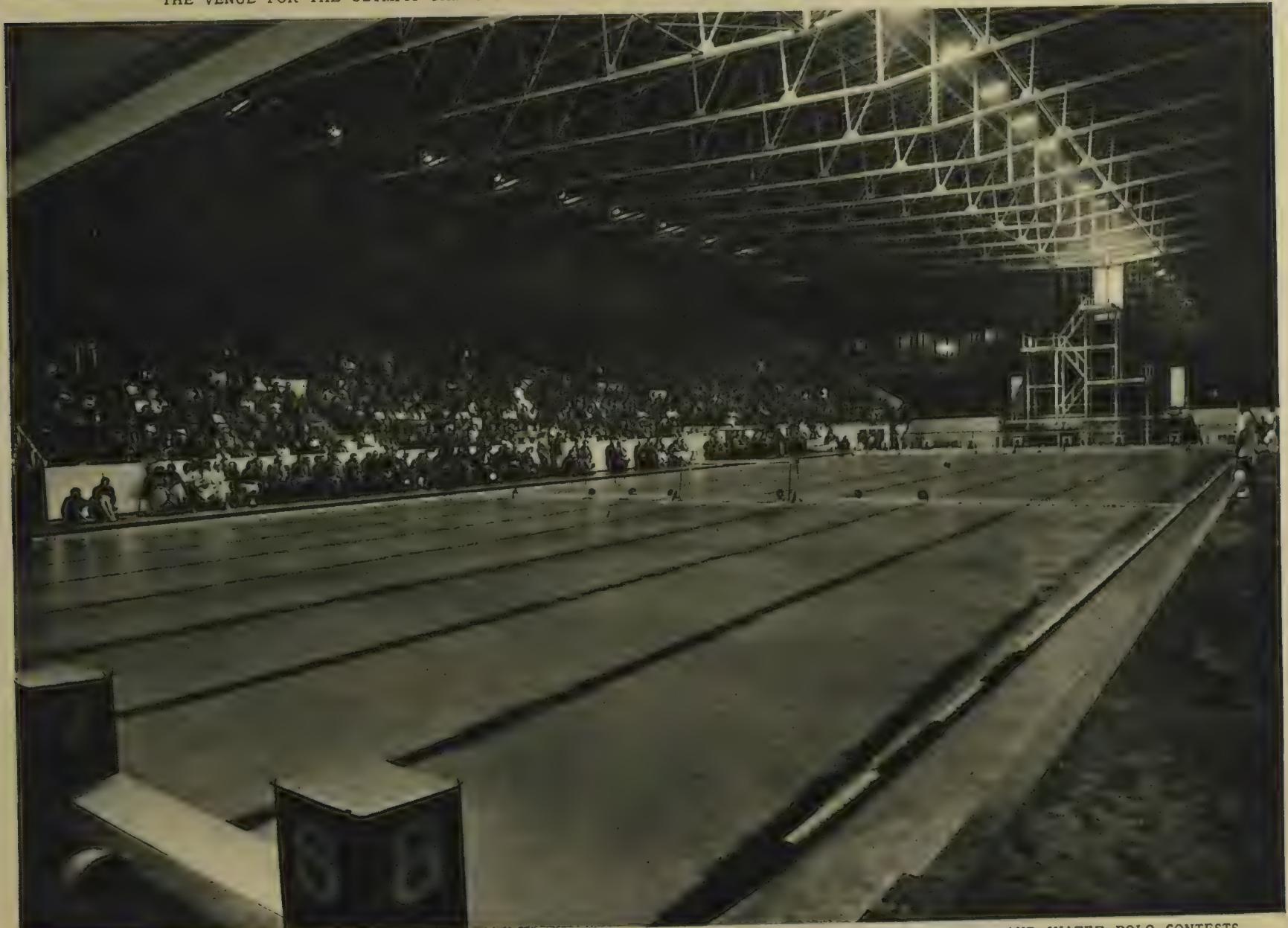
ONE OF THE BUSIEST PARTS OF THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE: THE POST OFFICE. INTERPRETERS ARE PRESENT TO ADVISE ON CURRENCY DIFFICULTIES.

To accommodate the 6000 athletes and Olympics officials during the last few days of training and the period of the Games, a small township, the Olympic Village, was built at Heidelberg, a Melbourne suburb $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the main stadium. Seven hundred brick and concrete houses and flats, mostly single-storey buildings but some of two and three storeys, were built, at a cost of about £A2,000,000. After the Games, the Village will be used for private housing. The Village had some of the qualities

of the ideal state of Utopia. The nations of the world mixed together freely, although each nation had its own section of houses, and the physical needs of the athletes were very fully provided for. Accommodation was planned so that each room was shared by two athletes. Special attention was paid to food, to avoid upsetting the athletes at the peak of their training by an unfamiliar diet. Each house has its own bathroom and laundry, and steam baths were available for competitors when required.



THE VENUE FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES BOXING CONTESTS : THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED WEST MELBOURNE STADIUM.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEWLY-BUILT SWIMMING-POOL IN OLYMPIC PARK : THE SCENE OF THE SWIMMING, DIVING AND WATER POLO CONTESTS.
SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES : THE NEW BOXING STADIUM AND SWIMMING-POOL IN MELBOURNE.

Melbourne, the seventh city of the British Commonwealth, and the scene of this year's Olympic Games, was preparing to act as "host" to the world's athletes and visiting spectators and journalists for well over a year before the Games opened on November 22. A large sum of money—about £6,000,000 it is estimated—was spent on new buildings and other preparations for the Games. When the Games were finished, however,

Melbourne was left with several valuable new assets, such as the new swimming-pool, seen above, which is designed in a most modern style, and is said to be one of the best pools in the world, and, also shown above, the new West Melbourne Stadium. The new swimming-pool, which is situated in Olympic Park, near the Melbourne Cricket Ground, holds some 5500 spectators and the new West Melbourne Stadium some 8000.



HERE is a book which has been many years in the making.* It was started by the late Mr. W. B. Honey and has now been finished—that is, as far as any compilation of the kind can be said to be finished—by Mr. J. P. Cushion. It contains 3500 marks and is by far the most comprehensive reference book of its kind in existence. How tedious a task it must have been to put it together, how valuable to anyone interested in pottery and porcelain, whether professional or amateur! And how, at a casual glance, unreadable and unreviewable—476 pages of dates, names and squiggles! But look more carefully and you find yourself asking as many questions as you receive answers, bearing in mind the wise words of the preface to the effect that style is of more importance than marks, and that innumerable marks on European porcelain and many more on Far Eastern are deliberate forgeries or, for various reasons, untrustworthy. "It is especially important to have regard to the type of ware bearing a mark as well as its proper date. Thus an anchor on soft-paste porcelain may be a mark of Chelsea; on the greyish hybrid Italian porcelain it is a Venice mark; on French soft-paste it is a mark of Sceaux; on English nineteenth-century bone-china it was used by the firm of Davenport of Longport; in purple, it was used on faience made about 1800 at Cologne or Poppelsdorf; while on modern German hard-paste in the style of eighteenth-century Meissen and Chelsea, it was avowedly used by Ernst Bohne at Rudolstadt from 1854 onwards." Similar warnings are given, or are implicit, at every stage.

Both Worcester and Chelsea—to name only two factories—put an imitation of the famous crossed-swords of Meissen on certain of their wares, and the well-known A R cipher, for "Augustus Rex," found on some Meissen of the years 1725–30 (generally explained as a mark on pieces made for the Royal house), is common on later deliberate forgeries. In fact, there was so much of this kind of thing going on that a specialised collection of forgeries would contain pieces of very high quality. There was no copyright—if one may use the term in this connection—in the various marks and, in the early days, marking was not compulsory: it was not, for example, until 1766 that French porcelain manufacturers were required to place upon their wares marks registered with the police. There is a further complication. Many of the marks found upon European pottery and porcelain are not factory marks at all, but merely workmen's signs put on not for the public, but to enable the management to identify the individuals concerned: consequently they are useless as evidence unless, as happens only very rarely, the original register has survived.

As to the Chinese, the marks they used have been known to lead astray even the most

experienced, while beginners are frequently puzzled by the phrase so often found in London auction-room catalogues—"Mark of such and such a Ming Emperor and period"—meaning that the piece not only bears the Emperor's reign mark but was actually manufactured at that time. The explanation is, of course, that later generations copied both the form and shape of the fourteenth and fifteenth-century wares and the marks, not always, it should be added, from a deliberate attempt to deceive—or, at any rate, not wholly—but because it was meritorious to try to do as well as one's ancestors. Similarly, late seventeenth-century wares of the reign of K'ang Hsi do not often bear a mark, whereas nineteenth and twentieth-century imitations of them frequently do, with, presumably, malice aforethought.

set free had in very many cases been taken over by the potters, who retained the old brewery names, such as The Three Bells, The Rose, The Peacock, etc." Then, in about 1725, came a decline, thanks to competition from both China and Germany, and later, after about 1760, as a result of the triumph of English productions. It was not until 1764 that the Delft potters regularised the use of marks: until then the practice was very varied and wholly untrustworthy.

In general, as far as porcelain was concerned, the major factories of Europe, proud of their productions, devised a mark of their own, while the lesser ones often omitted a mark altogether, or used something which might be mistaken for that of their more prosperous rivals. The other absurdity is the frequent occurrence of marks intended to look like Chinese or Japanese—for

example, the mark used at Worcester on "Japan patterns" from about 1760 to 1775. The earliest European mark on porcelain? The dome of the cathedral of Florence found on the rarest and most beautiful of all Western porcelains—that delicate, glassy soft-paste known as Medici porcelain, made during a few brief years from 1575.

If the marks on porcelain, apart from providing clues to time and place, provide also a series of pitfalls, marks on early majolica are either nonexistent or downright incoherent. For example, painters' signatures are sometimes found on Italian majolica, but the painters would give their name and birthplace as a matter of course, not necessarily the place where they were working. In any case, what may seem on the face of it to be a signature may be a mark of ownership.

The book contains the long list of marks of the painters and gilders employed at Sèvres and also four appendices to the English marks. These last are not yet of general interest, though no doubt they will provide valuable information to a later generation curious about nineteenth- and twentieth-century Staffordshire. I was unaware, for example, that between 1842 and 1883 many manufacturers registered their wares with the British Patent Office, thereby obtaining copyright protection for three years. Then there is the system of Wedgwood date-letters from 1860 onwards, the table

of the yearly Minton marks for the hundred years 1842–1942, and a long list of initials used by Staffordshire potters down to the present day. Among countries which do not normally spring into one's mind as centres of a ceramic industry is Estonia, where a faience factory at Reval was started about 1775 and came to an end in 1792, and Hungary, where the factory at Holitsch enjoyed aristocratic patronage from 1786 to 1813. Many of the marks adopted by the dozens of factories, great and small, listed in this compilation are purely arbitrary symbols: the one which has a definite geographical significance is the well-known mark of the Royal Copenhagen factory adopted in 1775—the three wavy lines, one above the other, symbolising the Sound and the Great and Little Belts.

Here, then, are all the facts—and, on every other page, a warning to look at everything else first—colour, texture, form, paste, etc.—and leave the mark to the last: eye it then with scepticism, and believe it only if it corroborates the diagnosis reached by other means.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

MARKS ON CHINA.



A SELECTION OF THE 3500 MARKS REPRODUCED IN "BY FAR THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE REFERENCE BOOK OF ITS KIND IN EXISTENCE": THE "HANDBOOK OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN MARKS," BY J. P. CUSHION AND THE LATE W. B. HONEY, WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

(These marks are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.)

If the Chinese in this matter were exasperating, the Japanese were worse. I quote again: "A piece of pottery may be referred to by its place of manufacture or the province in which the place is situated, or by the family name of the potter or by his art-name or 'studio name' (which may have been changed several times), or by the name of a Tea-master who ordered it, or by the princely patron under whose protection it was made. Any of these names may be inscribed on the piece honestly or fraudulently."

Each section of marks in the book is preceded by a neatly informative introduction, which often contains out-of-the-way and illuminating facts about the rise of the pottery industry in each country. There is, for example, a particularly concise page and a half about Holland, in which we learn that in Delft, where the so-called Delftware—that is, tin-enamelled earthenware—began to be manufactured about 1640, "the new industry enjoyed such prosperity that by 1667 only fifteen out of a total of a hundred and eighty-two former breweries were at work, and the buildings thus

* "Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain Marks," compiled by J. P. Cushion in collaboration with the late W. B. Honey. With 3500 reproductions of marks. (Faber and Faber; 50s.)



AS FLAMES SWEPT NEW YORK CITY'S LONGEST PIER: FIREBOATS POURING WATER ONTO THE LUCKENBACH STEAMSHIP LINES PIER AT THE FOOT OF THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, SOUTH-WEST BROOKLYN, ON DECEMBER 3.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE: A BROOKLYN PIER EMPLOYEE LOOKING AROUND FOR HELP AS AN INJURED FELLOW WORKER CLUTCHES HIS HAND.

FIRE ON THE WATERFRONT: SCENES DURING THE EXPLOSION AND BLAZE IN NEW YORK HARBOUR.

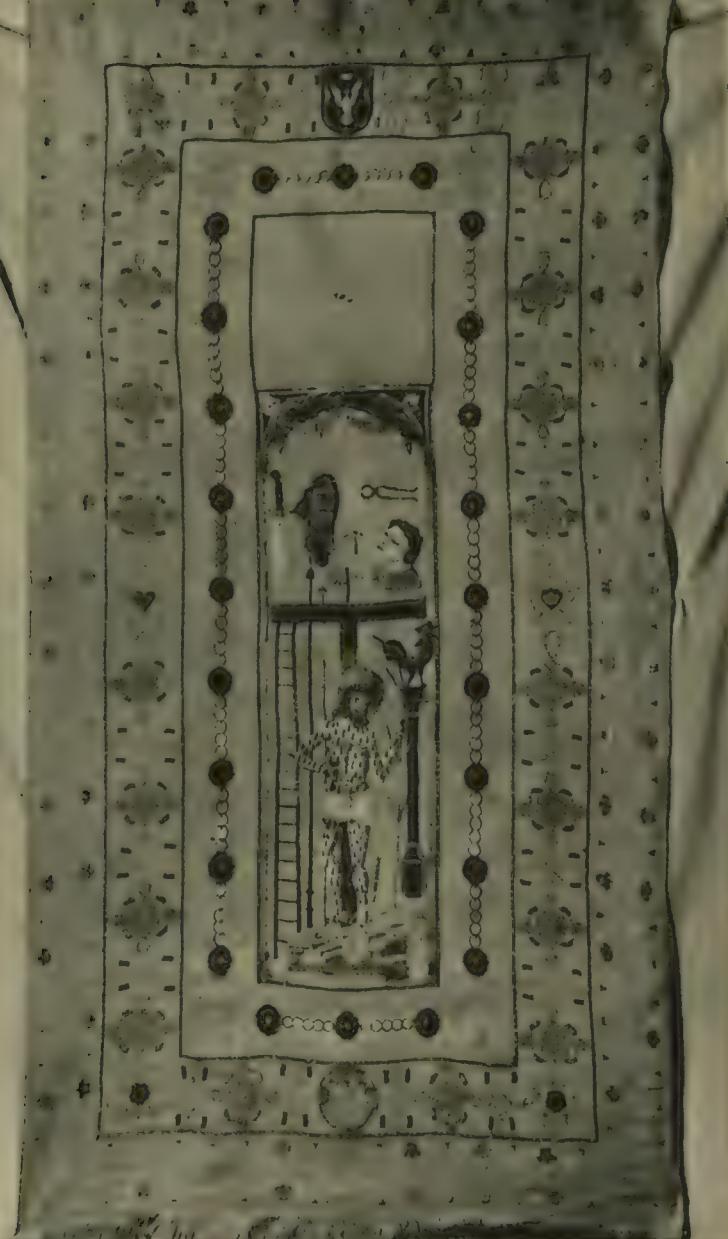
Fire followed by a series of explosions on a Brooklyn pier on December 3 killed ten people and injured over two hundred. Pedestrians several hundred yards away were knocked over and windows were smashed over a wide area. The fire started in the middle of the afternoon on the 1740-ft. pier of the Luckenbach Steamship Lines, which is New York's longest pier. Within minutes of the outbreak fire-fighting ships and fire engines converged on



WITH A STEEL SHAFT DRIVEN INTO ITS BODYWORK BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION: A DAMAGED CAR ON THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT.

Pier 37, and in a short time some forty-two fire units, supported by a water tower, were fighting the blaze. Three other piers caught fire and the crew of one of the fireboats was blown overboard; happily all were rescued and a new crew was quickly recruited and in action. On December 5 it was reported that it was almost certain that the explosion had been caused by the detonation of 37,000 lb. of fuses due to be shipped to California.

THE FETTERNEAR BANNER: IDENTIFYING A
UNIQUE PRE-REFORMATION BANNER.



A SPLENDIDLY PRESERVED
PIECE OF SCOTTISH MEDIEVAL
EMBROIDERY MADE IN ABOUT
1520: THE FETTERNEAR
BANNER WHICH HAS RECENTLY
BEEN IDENTIFIED.



ONE OF THE COATS OF ARMS ON
THE BANNER GREATLY HELPING IN
ITS IDENTIFICATION: THE ARMS OF
GAVIN DOUGLAS, THE FAMOUS POET-
BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

cessional banner in the whole of Great Britain and one of the very few still existing in northern Europe. This Fetternear Banner, which has now been deposited in the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, in Edinburgh, is a long piece of embroidered linen, 59 by 31½ ins., and, apart from a new hem at the top and some minor repairs, it is extremely well preserved. The linen has darkened somewhat with age, but the embroidery threads still retain their bright colours. The embroidery has never been completed, but the traced pattern, on which the "broderer" was working, is still clearly visible, so that this banner is of great importance to the student of embroidery technique. The design of the banner consists of a central panel, surrounded by three borders. The main subject is a typical late-medieval devotional theme, the "Image of Pity," the figure of Christ, suffering yet compassionate, surrounded by the "Instruments of the Passion." The outermost border is unfinished, though the traced pattern can still be seen. The two inner borders display, respectively, a large rosary and a series of interlinked confraternity cords. With this evidence, combined with the blood-covered figure of Christ and the help of the coats of arms, embroidered in the design, one can establish that the banner was intended for the use of the "confraternity of the Haly Blude," in St. Giles' collegiate kirk, in Edinburgh: this was the most important brotherhood in Edinburgh's parish kirk, in late-medieval times; it numbered King James IV among its members. The donor of the banner was Alexander Graham, "kirkmaster" of the fraternity, whose coat of arms appears at the foot of the design. The coat of arms of the Provost of St. Giles is embroidered in the top left-hand corner. This personage was Bishop Gavin Douglas, the famous poet-bishop of Dunkeld (1515-22), who translated Virgil's *Aeneid* into Scots. The political disgrace of Gavin Douglas, his exile and unexpected death, in London, in 1522, provide the reason why the embroidering of the banner was never finished. How this piece of embroidery passed unscathed through the Scottish Reformation is a mystery.



A DETAIL FROM THE CENTRAL PANEL: THE FIGURE OF CHRIST, COVERED WITH WOUNDS. THE BANNER WAS MADE FOR A CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY BLOOD.



SHOWING FLEMISH OR GERMAN INFLUENCE: A DETAIL FROM THE CENTRAL
PANEL WITH THE "INSTRUMENTS OF THE PASSION" AND OTHER SYMBOLS.

A tradition has it that the Banner was long preserved in Spain. Judging from its heraldic motifs the Fetternear Banner was designed and embroidered in Scotland, probably in Edinburgh, about the year 1520. It is the most important piece of Scottish medieval embroidery in existence.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Both the splendour and the simplicity of the focal point of the Christmas feast are magnificently interpreted in this Nativity by Nicolas Poussin. "The Nativity" aroused widespread interest when it came up for auction in London at Messrs. Sotheby's last July. Regarded as one of the finest paintings to be sold at auction for many years, it changed hands at £29,000. (Oil on canvas; 38½ by 29½ ins.) (Reproduced by courtesy of David M. Koetser, Esq.)

WEIRD AND WONDERFUL: FASCINATING AND COLOURFUL MARINE INVERTEBRATES.



FIG. 1. EACH CLAD IN A RED TUNIC: FIVE SEA-SQUIRTS, *HALOCYNTHIA PAPILLOSA*, WHICH HAVE A TUBULAR OPENING ABOVE TO DRAW IN WATER AND ANOTHER AT THE SIDE TO DISCHARGE IT AFTER FILTERING OFF MICRO-ORGANISMS FOR FOOD.

Of the large public aquaria which flourished for a time in the later part of the last century few now survive, and those that do are not so famous than that which forms an integral part of the Stazione Zoologica in Naples. This, the first large marine biological station in the world, was founded in 1872 by a German, Dr. Anton Dohrn, substantially from his own private fortune. It was not long before biologists from all over the world were working in its laboratories and it began to receive grants from the institutions and governments of many countries. Since the original foundation additional laboratory buildings and much equipment have been added, while from those who have worked there, both staff and visiting scientists, has come an enormous volume of new knowledge about life in the sea. The station is still actively engaged in advancing marine science; its prestige has survived two world wars. Towards the end of the last war its resources were severely strained and its recovery then was in no small measure aided by financial assistance from the Royal Society of London, opportunity given even before hostilities ended. At that time the Director was Dr. Reinhard Dohrn, son of the founder; he in his turn was succeeded by his son, Dr. Peter Dohrn, in 1954. Those who have studied in the Stazione Zoologica cannot tell how much marine science is now more familiar to them than it had ever been before research workers in their specialties. For the general public there is the aquarium. In its construction Dr. Anton Dohrn had the services of Mr. William A. Lloyd, an Englishman, whose earlier successes at Hamburg (1864) and the Crystal Palace, London (1871), had justly earned him a reputation for sound principles in aquarium design. The aquarium in Naples is still largely as he and Dr. Anton Dohrn planned it, although modifications have been made since, some very recently. In its tanks are representative specimens of the varied and colourful fauna of the Gulf of Naples. The colour photographs on these pages were taken there not long ago; they show some of the interesting and beautiful animals to be seen by the visitor, but they represent only a very small fraction of the exhibits in this enchanting underwater world. For those who look

(Continued below, left)



FIG. 3. LIKE A MINIATURE PALM: A TUBE-BUILDING SEA-ANEMONE, *CERIANTHUS DOHRNII*. ITS SLENDER TENTACLES PROTRUDE FROM A LONG BROWN TUBE.

(Continued)

for beauty there is a lovely tank of corals and sea-dams amongst which swim semi-transparent red fish. The bright orange corals, of which one colony is shown in a close-up view (Fig. 4), grow attached to rocks along the coast of the Sorrento peninsula, so close to the surface that in favourable localities they may be seen from a boat. They are allied to the corals which in warmer seas form large reefs. When the orange-coloured animal dies there is left behind a grey calcareous skeleton, a portion of which is seen in the photograph. Not far from this colourful tank another contains a small shoal of some of the most beautiful bottom-dwelling fish in the world. Squids of many species, some of them reaching gigantic size, swarm in the oceans but most are delicate and easily injured during capture. Moreover, owing to their highly developed nervous system, it is possible that they suffer from nervous shock when transferred to strange surroundings. It says much for those

(Continued top, right)

Text and colour photographs by Douglas P. Wilson, D.Sc., F.R.P.S.



FIG. 2. BEARING STINGING POLYPS FOR CATCHING PREY: THE SEA-PEN, *PTEROIDES SPINULOSUS*, A COLONIAL COELENTERATE, DISTANTLY RELATED TO SEA-ANEMONES. THE STALK IS NORMALLY BURIED IN THE SEA-BED, THE SIDE BRANCHES SPREADING ABOVE.



FIG. 4. WITH SOME POLYPS EXPANDED AND OTHERS CONTRACTED: A SINGLE COLONY OF THE COLOUR CORAL *ASTROIDES CULCULARIUS*. ON PARTS OF THE ITALIAN COAST THIS CORAL LIVES ON ROCKS JUST BELOW THE WATER LINE AND CAN BE SEEN FROM A BOAT.

for beauty that the Naples aquarium that they are able to keep squid so well. In their tank they swim to and fro, their streamlined translucent bodies appearing almost ghost-like to the onlooker. At feeding time the dexterity with which they seize silvery sardines, thrown to them from above, is a most exciting spectacle. If suddenly startled, each will discharge a cloud of ink, as they would do in the sea when pursued by enemies. The squid are a favourite food, probably because they are so delicious. The colour pattern of the grey or Roman eel (Fig. 7) is very beautiful but the whole fish is to human eyes so repulsive that a tank full of them, some encased in ancient amphoras, holds the onlooker's attention with fascinated horror. Above the tanks, out of the view of the public, there is a narrow catwalk from which the tanks are serviced and their inhabitants fed; the author confesses to having taken extra special care not to fall in whenever he had to pass above the moray eels as he made his way along this catwalk. Daily an attendant

(Continued top, right)

THE NAPLES AQUARIUM: INHABITANTS OF AN ENCHANTING WORLD.



FIG. 5. A BRIGHT RED FISH, *APOGON REX-MULLORUM*, WHICH FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON MALTESE FISHERMEN CALL KING OF THE MULLETS. SEEN AMID CORALS AND SEA-FANS THESE FISH MAKE A STRIKING DISPLAY.

Continued
passing along with a bucket of sardines fresh from the Gulf and this is about the only time when the sea-scorpion (Fig. 8) bests himself and with his fellows dashes out to seize his share before retiring once more to a ledge on a rock where he spends most of his days lying perfectly still. The flying gurnard (Fig. 9) is one of the rarer fishes sometimes on view; it is remarkable for the very large and beautifully marked pectoral or breast fins, resembling

(Continued below, right)



FIG. 6. GHOST-LIKE SQUIDS SWIMMING IN FORMATION. *LOLIGO VULGARIS* SWIMS EQUALLY WELL FORWARDS OR BACKWARDS AND MERELY REVERSES DIRECTION ON REACHING THE END OF THE TANK.



FIG. 7. PROBABLY THE MOST EVIL-LOOKING OF ALL MEDITERRANEAN FISHES: THE MORAY EEL, *MURAENA HELENA*. WHICH NORMALLY LIVES IN HOLES, WITH ITS HEAD PROTRUDING. WOUNDS FROM ITS BITES READILY TURN SEPTIC.



FIG. 9. A FISH WITH WING-LIKE PECTORAL FINS FOR GLIDING THROUGH THE AIR: A FLYING GURNARD, *DACTYLOPTERUS VOLITANS*, WHICH SHOULD NOT BE CONFUSED WITH OCEANIC FLYING-FISHES OF THE TROPICS.

Continued
to experience this for themselves by lifting in their hands small specimens kept in an open, shallow tank where they are easily caught. The electric shock is used to numb and kill fishes on which the electric rays feeds and which it could not otherwise capture. The electric ray swims motionless on the bottom until it comes across a small fish, approaches to within a few inches in front, whereupon the ray leaps upon it and stuns it with a powerful shock. The stunned or dead fish is then seized by the relatively small jaws of the ray, sucked through the mouth and swallowed. It is only quite recently that a fairly full account of this mode of feeding of the electric ray has been published from observations made in the aquarium at Naples. On rare occasions has an electric ray been found in its tanks, although the manner in which the ray feeds upon its prey had previously been noted at Naples and briefly mentioned in the visitors' guide-book. Of the rich invertebrate life to be seen in the Naples aquarium must be mentioned again the bright orange coral

colonies, the whence many polyps when expanded spread a forest of stinging tentacles to capture all small animals blundering into them. Sea-pens (Fig. 2) are not very distant relatives of corals and are nothing if not graceful, but for beauty the most magnificent of all the invertebrates on show are the foot-high tube-building sea-anemones (Fig. 3) rising out of the sand like miniature palms. This species is rare even in the Gulf of Naples and some specimens have lived in the tanks for many years. As vivid a colour as the corals and the sea-anemones, the flying gurnard (Fig. 9) is a really remarkable fish, able to fly through the air for appreciable distances. The Naples aquarium always has on show a number of electric rays, of which more than one species are common in the Gulf. The prettiest of these is a small species with five prominent blue spots ringed around and looking almost like five eyes (Fig. 10). Electric rays of all kinds are capable of giving quite powerful shocks, and visitors are invited

(Continued below, right)

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IN ONE OF THE SWISS VILLAGES WHERE THE ANCIENT CUSTOM OF STAR SINGING STILL SURVIVES: THE STAR-BEARER WITH THE THREE MAGI, WHO ARE THE FOUR LEADERS OF THE SMALL CHOIR OF BOYS.



ANOTHER GROUP OF STAR SINGERS: HEROD, IN THE RED HAT WITH CRESCENT, AND HIS DIMINUTIVE BODYGUARD, ARE SAID TO APPEAR ONLY WITH THE SINGERS OF THE VILLAGE OF RIOM.



ONE OF THE THREE MAGI: STAR-SINGING DRESSES ARE EXCEPTIONALLY FINE AT THE VILLAGE OF CUNTER.



THE STAR-BEARER OR STEILER: DURING THE STAR SINGING SERVICE, HELD AT NIGHT, HE HOLDS THE STAR ALOFT WHILE THE HYMNS ARE SUNG.



THE MOST DISTINCTIVE OF THE THREE MAGI: KING CASPAR THE MOOR, WHOSE FACE IS COVERED WITH BOOT-POLISH.



LEARNING THEIR WORDS: A PRIEST LISTENS WHILE THE THREE MAGI REHEARSE ONE OF THEIR BUANEIA HYMNS.

CAROL-SINGING WITH A DIFFERENCE: AN ANCIENT EPIPHANY CUSTOM SURVIVING IN PARTS OF SWITZERLAND.

The attractive custom of Star Singing is a survival from the past which is now carried on only in certain parts of the Valais and the Grisons cantons in the south of Switzerland. It is a ceremony rather like carol-singing, but performed by young boys only and on the night of Epiphany, January 6, the day on which some sects used to celebrate the birth of Christ. One of the most attractive versions of this old custom is the one performed in the village of Cunter, which lies half-way between Chur and St. Moritz and has 150 inhabitants. There are four leading parts in Star Singing: the star-bearer (*steiler* or *stellarius*) and the Three Magi. On the night of Epiphany,



AFTER SINGING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE THROUGH THE VILLAGE THE SINGERS SHARE OUT THE GIFTS WHICH THEY HAVE RECEIVED.

CAROL-SINGING WITH A DIFFERENCE: AN ANCIENT EPIPHANY CUSTOM SURVIVING IN PARTS OF SWITZERLAND.

the village church, which is in total darkness except for the candles by a crib near the altar, is filled with people and the singers sing their hymns, in German, Latin and Romansh (a local language); while the golden star, held aloft, glows in the soft light. After this, the singers sing from house to house, and one boy, the Purser, collects gifts of food and sometimes money. Finally, the singers, hoarse and weary, retire to the village hall to eat a large feast and the edible gifts they have received. Star Singing is believed to have originated in pagan times and was until recently very much more widespread in this part of Europe.



"FULL CIRCLE—IT IS THE TURN OF THE A.V.H. (SECRET POLICE) MAN TO BE MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE CELLS": ONE OF A PRIZE-WINNING SEQUENCE OF PRESS PICTURES TAKEN BY MR. JACK ESTEN.



"THERE WAS A SMILE—FOR TORSOS FARED A BETTER FATE": A WRY SIDE-LIGHT ON THE TRAGEDY OF BUDAPEST, IN THE WINNING SEQUENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. JACK ESTEN, OF PICTURE POST.



"INVASION IN CAMERA": THIS PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. ESTEN IN BUDAPEST RECORDS THE MOOD OF THE TIME. A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE COLONEL'S PISTOL WAS DIGGING INTO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S RIBS.

Every year the Encyclopaedia Britannica Ltd. holds a competition for the British Press Pictures of the Year; and here and on pages 1038-1039 we reproduce some of the prize-winning examples from this, the ninth annual, competition. Those on this page are all taken from a single entry in the Sequence Section, which won the first prize for Mr. Jack Esten, of *Picture Post*. Mr. Esten won two other prizes, a first for Colour and a second for Portfolio; but we select the sequence (or part of it) for reproduction for its great topical interest in recording and recalling the greatest (and still

"THE MURDER OF BUDAPEST": FROM A PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH SEQUENCE.



"THE HARVEST OF COURAGE THAT WAS NEVER GATHERED": THE BATTLE SCARRED FAÇADE OF THE BUDAPEST RADIO BUILDING.



"THE A.V.H. HEADQUARTERS ARE DESTROYED": ANOTHER EXAMPLE FROM MR. ESTEN'S SEQUENCE, WHICH ADMIRABLY RECORDS THE TENSION OF THE BUDAPEST REVOLUTION.

unfinished) tragedy of the year—the revolution in Budapest; and also as paying tribute to the courage and enterprise of journalists and Press photographers in all the world's trouble-spots. It is perhaps à propos to mention here that in the dark days when the Russians suddenly turned on Budapest some twenty-three British journalists had to take refuge in the British Legation; that one French Press photographer was killed by Russian machine-gun fire in Budapest; and that two Press photographers—one American and one French—were killed by Egyptian fire near El Kantara.

"HOPE AND FEAR, AND PEACE AND STRIFE, IN THE THREAD OF HUMAN LIFE":
SOME PRIZE-WINNING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR.



"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!": A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH WHICH WON THE FIRST AWARD IN THE NEWS CATEGORY FOR LOUIS GARNADE, OF THE DAILY MIRROR.

THE Press photographer has at hand the broadest possible canvas—the whole of human life. With his camera he can record nearly as effectively as the artist or writer every aspect of the world around him—and he can put his achievements before a very wide public. Each year Encyclopaedia Britannica Ltd., and the Institute of British Photographers sponsor the "British Press Pictures of the Year Competition," in which prizes are awarded to a number of outstanding photographs, selected from the large entry by a panel of expert judges. In this year's competition—the ninth

(Continued below, right.)



"OLYMPIC SPILL?", BY MALCOLM McNEILL, OF THE SUNDAY PICTORIAL: THE SECOND AWARD WINNER IN THE ROYAL CATEGORY. THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET MIX WITH THE CROWD AT THE OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN GAMES IN STOCKHOLM.



"THY GREAT HEALER'S SERVANTS": THE NURSING STAFF OF THE ROYAL LEEDS INFIRMARY PRAYING FOR THOSE IN THEIR CARE. ONE OF THE PICTURES IN PICTURE POST. PHOTOGRAPHER JACK ESTEN'S SECOND PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO.



"ROCK 'N' ROLL," BY JACK ESTEN. THIS, LIKE "THY GREAT HEALER'S SERVANTS," WAS TAKEN WHEN WORKING FOR ILLUSTRATED.



"THE GIFT OF A SON," BY B.I.P.S. PHOTOGRAPHER DENNIS ROWE, OF AUSTRALIA: WINNER OF THE FIRST AWARD IN THE FEATURE CATEGORY.



"PAVEMENT PERFORMANCE": IN PLANET NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER, CHARLES DAWSON'S, FIRST PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO.



IN JACK ESTEN'S SECOND PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO: "RIGHT HAND DOWN, MA'AM," SHOWING THE QUEEN BACKING HER STATION WAGON. JACK ESTEN ALSO WON TWO FIRST AWARDS—IN THE SEQUENCE AND COLOUR CATEGORIES.



"HAPPY HOLIDAY," BY VICTOR DRESS, OF THE EVENING STANDARD, WHO WON AN HONOURABLE MENTION IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY.

Continued.
in the series—the first award in the Portfolio category went to Charles J. Dawson, of *Planet News*, who, out of the 253 photographers who entered for the competition, becomes the British Press Photographer of 1956. Another outstandingly successful photographer was Jack Esten, of *Picture Post*, who won second prize with his Portfolio as well as first prizes in the Colour and the Sequence Categories. A number of his Sequence photographs—"The Murder of Budapest"—are shown on page 1037. The judges have selected 150 of the black-and-white photographs for the exhibitions, which will be shown throughout Great Britain, Australia and South Africa during 1957.



"CART BEFORE THE HORSE," BY CHARLES DAWSON: AN AMUSING PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE ARGENTINE TEAM'S POLO PONIES ARRIVING IN LONDON WHICH WAS IN HIS FIRST PRIZE-WINNING PORTFOLIO.



"AGNES SUDI—103 NOT OUT": A MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPH IN JACK ESTEN'S PORTFOLIO, WHICH WAS TAKEN IN ZANZIBAR.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE first fedge that I ever saw, and which led to my coining for it the portmanteau term "fedge," was in a villa garden in Hertfordshire. I saw it

being erected, and then planted, after which I watched it develop into a flourishing, full-blown fedge, dividing the garden from the road. The making of that first fedge was a very simple matter. First of all, a 5-ft. split-chestnut fence was erected, and then young ivy plants were put in about 18 ins. apart all along at the base of the fence, and their slender 2-ft. stems were tied up to the chestnut slats forming the fence. Within a year or two the ivies had reached the top of the fence and were filling out to form a dense evergreen hedge. After the first ties to give them a leg-up in the direction they were to go, the young ivies needed no further help or instruction. They at once started doing their own clinging and climbing. There at once was a most practical cross between a fence and a hedge, and so arose the obvious bastard term fedge, half-fence, half-hedge.

The advantages of this type of fedge are many. The foundation split-chestnut fence, erected with oak supporting posts, is not too outrageously costly, especially as it is practically indestructible, and should last in sound condition for many, many years, and, if not absolutely unclimbable, it is, at any rate, extremely difficult to climb, whilst at the same time it is dog-proof. Young ivy plants may, of course, be bought quite reasonably, ready-made and pot-grown, from any shrub nurseryman. On the other hand, foot-long ivy stems, to be used as cuttings, may be collected on practically any country walk, and are quite easy to strike. But here an elementary warning. Do not be deceived, as so many have been, by the clinging roots on the ivy stems. These are adventitious roots, adapted for clinging only, and are no use to the cuttings, being quite distinct from genuine growing and feeding roots which will, however, develop around the lower portions of the cuttings soon after they are put in. The ivy used for that first fedge was the variety which has leaves about the size of the palm of one's hand. It is the type which I like least of all. In fact, I rather dislike it, with its great leaves, which somehow suggest cold, clammy, green mackintosh sheeting. But I must confess that it grew into a most effective evergreen screen in a remarkably short time, and, once established, it appeared to demand very little attention.

A much more attractive plan would be to plant a mixed selection of ivy varieties, mainly green-leaved forms, including the large-leaved one which I have mentioned, and the common wild British species, with its elegant small ivy-shaped leaves (I can think of no better word), which are so attractively marbled in paler and darker green. To add interest and variety to the hedge, a few—a very few—variegated specimens might be dropped in here and there at irregular intervals; a selection of silver-leaved and gold-leaved varieties. But these would be a matter of taste. Some folk detest all variegated leaves most heartily.

Well, there you are. There is the basic idea for a fedge, and I doubt whether an evergreen screen or hedge could be produced half as quickly, effectively and inexpensively by planting any of the conventional evergreen hedging plants—holly, yew, box, and the rest. But changes may well be rung upon the original fedge

VARIATIONS ON THE FEDGE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

plan by using other evergreen shrubs which, though attractive, are by nature inveterate sprawlers, and can not be taught to be self-supporting, and so useful, hedgers. A shrub of this kind which comes at once to mind is *Cotoneaster microphylla*, with its tiny, dark-green leaves and masses of crimson berries with their attractive matt or almost velvet texture. A delightful thing to conduct up a house-wall or to send sprawling over a low stone wall.

But what an enchanting fedge it would make if trained lightly over a split-chestnut fence, and then given only the slightest and most discreet pruning, to keep it within reasonable bounds, but never, of course, any ruthless, formal hedge-clipping.

In the same category with *Cotoneaster microphylla* is *C. conspicua ornata*, which, when it decides to fruit, can carry an even more profuse and brilliant crop of scarlet berries. But for some reason this grand shrub seems to be curiously uncertain in its fruiting; whether this is due to differences of soil or climate, I do not know. A bold planting of it at Exbury, in Hampshire, is a superb sight, and I gather that it is equally fine in Sir Frederick Stearn's garden, Highdown, on the Sussex chalk. But here in my Cotswold garden six-year-old specimens have never produced more than meagre sprinklings, scattered along their promising branches. But they are, nevertheless, well worth growing if only for their flowers in May, and for the hope of berries which they hold out so temptingly. These two, *Cotoneaster microphylla* and *C. conspicua ornata*, planted in mixture, would make an ideal fedge.

Another species, the well-known and popular *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, might well be planted as a fedge, either by itself or in mixture with *C. microphylla* and *C. conspicua ornata*. Left to its own devices, *C. horizontalis* grows as a low, wide-spreading bush, with its curiously flattened, fan-shaped branches, covered in winter with masses of scarlet berries and small, round, scarlet leaves. Or it will press itself up a wall, quite unaided. But only once have I seen *C. horizontalis* used as a hedge, or rather, a fedge, and in that case I believe the fedge effect was fortuitous. There was a low, iron fence, perhaps 3 ft. high or a trifle more, separating the front gardens of a pair of semi-detached houses in a Midland suburb. The cotoneasters had been planted a foot or two apart, from end to end of this fence, and had pressed their branches up to form a charmingly informal and irregular hedge, which had obviously only been pruned sufficiently to prevent the spreading branches encroaching over their bed. This surely is a plan worth adopting.

The fedge theme may be developed with endless variations. For instance, the three cotoneasters might well be planted in mixture, with a yellow winter-flowering jasmine dropped in here and there. There should, of course, be no rigid clipping such as privet, yew and holly usually get. It should be, rather, a case of restrained pruning, enough to maintain an informal hedge-like effect, but no more. Another variation might be a whole fedge composed of the yellow jasmine and nothing else. This, however, should be pruned severely each spring. Directly after flowering every flowering shoot should be pruned hard back to an inch or two, so that from what remains a fresh crop of slender shoots might be produced during the summer months to flower in their turn during the coming winter.

One great advantage of fedges such as I have described is that all the shrubs used are relatively rapid growers so that a well-furnished fedge may be produced in two or three years. Also, of course, the supporting fence enables one to use many lovely shrubs, both evergreen and deciduous, which, grown without the supporting split-chestnut backbone, could never form a hedge.



A FINE PLANT FOR FEDGING: *COTONEASTER CONSPICUA*, IN FULL FRUIT.

This species is a native of south-east Tibet and was introduced by Kingdon Ward in 1925. It is now cultivated in two distinct forms: one an erect shrub reaching about 8 ft. in height; the other is a stiff, prostrate form, and it is this one which is adapted for the technique

Mr. Elliott discusses on this page. The berries are a bright vermilion-scarlet.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

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RECLAIMING YORKSHIRE'S SPOIL-HEAPS IN AN EVER-EXPANDING WASTE LAND.



A SPOIL-HEAP BEFORE RECLAMATION: A SITE AT NETHER HOYLAND, IN YORKSHIRE, SHORTLY AFTER OPERATIONS HAD BEEN STARTED.



THE SAME SITE AFTER LEVELLING, WITH LEVELLING MACHINERY IN THE FOREGROUND READY TO BE TAKEN AWAY.



SHOWING THE ROUGH STATE OF THE AVERAGE COAL-MINE WASTE HEAP: AN UNTREATED SPOIL-HEAP SEEN FROM A ROAD AT NETHER HOYLAND.



THE SAME HEAP SEEN AFTER LEVELLING OPERATIONS WERE COMPLETE. RECLAIMED LAND CAN BE USED FOR PLAYING FIELDS, AGRICULTURE OR FOR BUILDING.



ONE OF YORKSHIRE'S NUMEROUS AND EVER-GROWING "DESERTS OF PIT DIRT": A TYPICAL SCENE BEFORE RECLAMATION.

The West Riding of Yorkshire contains the largest coal-producing area in Britain and is faced with the problem of ever-expanding spoil-heaps, spoil being the refuse from the coal-mines. The West Riding County Planning Committee, after four years of experiment, have, however, found a method of reclaiming spoil-heaps so that they can be turned into useful agricultural or building land, or into playing fields. Other mining areas are interested in this method, and about forty M.P.s from mining constituencies are urging



THREE MONTHS AFTER THE GRASS WAS SOWN, AND FOLLOWING LEVELLING AND CHEMICAL TREATMENT OF THE SITE: A PROFITABLE PIECE OF PASTURE LAND.

the Minister of Housing and Local Government to start a national scheme for reclaiming coal-mine waste heaps. It is estimated that an extra ½d. a ton on the price of coal (amounting to about £500,000 a year) for eight years would cover the cost of reclaiming all the waste heaps in the country. The method of reclamation consists of levelling, treating the waste land with various fertilisers and chemicals, and finally sowing with grass seed and the planting of trees if required.

FROM BROAD CLYST TO BLENHEIM PALACE.

"THE EARLY CHURCHILLS." By A. L. ROWSE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

JOHN CHURCHILL, the first Duke of Marlborough, had only one son, John, Marquis of Blandford, who died young at Cambridge where (I think I remember getting this information from "Esmond") he was an undergraduate at King's College. But there was a special remainder of the Dukedom to the great soldier's daughters and their issue. The eldest of these, Henrietta, married the second Earl of Godolphin, son of one of the wisest and most disinterested of English statesmen. She, who was the second holder of the title, also had only one son, who lived just long enough to marry a Dutchwoman, and then died young and without progeny. When Henrietta died, the succession passed to her nephew, Charles Spencer, son of her sister Anne, who had married the third Earl of Sunderland. He, who counted as third Duke of Marlborough, was content to retain, unfortified, his natal surname of Spencer, and so was his son, the fourth Duke. But the fifth Duke took it into his head (and, after all, one of his four great-grandmothers was a Churchill) that the name of the illustrious General would be an adornment of his own, so he took the additional surname of Churchill. By the time that his grandson, the seventh Duke, was christened, the Churchill legend had so strengthened that he was given the names of John Winston, the John after the victor of Blenheim, and the Winston after that victor's father, a struggling and serviceable Cavalier knight. Tail-male, in connection with this family, has, in our times, passed so far into oblivion (although the Court Circulars, rigidly and correctly, stick to the name Spencer-Churchill, and Sir Winston never leaves out the "S" when he is initialling anything) that Lord Randolph was never thought of by the public as anything but a Churchill, and his son is called Sir Winston Churchill as the great Duke's father was.

Had the fifth Duke preferred to retain his ancestral surname of Spencer, events would not have been altered. The name "Winston" would have probably vanished from the memory of the Spencer family, but Blenheim would have remained, and there is no reason to believe that any alteration would have occurred in the progression of births, marriages and deaths. Lord Randolph Spencer would have married Miss Jennie Jerome of New York and would have produced an astounding son. The son would have been given some traditional Spencer name: possibly that of the author of "The Faerie Queene" who, in spite of the difference in the spelling, about which our ancestors cared little, is deemed to have sprung from that stock. So we might have been celebrating the other day the eighty-second birthday of Sir Edmund Spencer, K.G., O.M., C.H., and the rest of the nobly-earned alphabet, instead of that of "Sir Winston Churchill." And Mr. Rowse might have been writing a book about "The Early Spencers." Had he done so (and I hope he may still do so), he would have foraged more successfully than he has in the fields of the Churchills, for the Spencers, like the Cecils and the Cavendishes, have constantly produced men who have served their country and adorned their country's annals, and the early Churchills didn't really amount to very much.

The tribe began in a yeoman's house in East Devon. The house was called Churchill, and romantic later men have tried to give it a Norman derivation: for legends linger long, and many a man would like to escape from a gross and humdrum Saxon origin, in order that he should link up with law, order, European civilisation and Durham Cathedral—little except King Alfred, the Venerable Bede, and the Exeter MS. being left on the other side. And, of course, the Anglo-Saxon

Chronicle: a dreary thing, I think. Be that as it may, the name of the family, it seems, derives from the farm of Churchill, in the parish of Broad Clyst, in Devon, where Jocelyn de Churchill is recorded as early as the middle of the twelfth century. But it was in Dorset, in the seventeenth century, that the family began to emerge, with a group of lawyers, one of whom, Sir John, a first cousin of Marlborough's father, became Master of the Rolls.

Marlborough's father, Sir Winston, was born about 1620, and he is the first Churchill about whom Mr. Rowse has found anything much to say. As soon as he reached manhood the Civil War broke out, and Winston became a cavalryman, ultimately a Colonel. Mr. Rowse, though, finds it easier to give a panoramic survey of the war, and its political background, than to inform us about the movements of his "early Churchill." He gives, for instance, a good account of Rupert's assault on and capture of Bristol, "the second city in the kingdom," by no means overlooking (Mr. Rowse is a patriotic Cornishman) the heroic part that the Cornish regiments played in the victory. But his hero is a dim figure at this time, and all that can be said of him is: "We know that among the Cavalier horse, a young and obscure trooper, Winston Churchill, fought at

claimed it; that Sir Francis, having struggled round the world, patient as he was, wouldn't have run through a man who boxed his ears, is more than I can swallow.

However: this marriage meant that Winston's children would inherit not merely Drake blood but Villiers blood, the blood of that family which produced the brilliant Duke of Buckingham whose murder so soured Charles I's temper towards the English public. Human inter-breeding are neither regulated nor recorded as are those of horses, and speculation as to what happened with these various Churchill matings I had rather leave to somebody like the Aga Khan, who has really studied genetics; but one fact here is certain. When Sir Winston, a toilsome landowner and Member of Parliament, and a faithful servant of his King in Ireland, where he had to cope with darkling problems of land settlement and confiscation; and at the Board of Green Cloth in London, where he had to scrutinise Royal domestic expenditure, married Elizabeth Drake, he certainly made a union which resulted in remarkable "young produce."

There was Arabella, who became mistress of the Duke of York, later James II, and bore by him four children, the eldest of which was the brilliant general, the Duke of Berwick, ancestor of the Dukes of Alba, and the youngest a daughter who became a nun. Then there was John, the great Duke of Marlborough, then there was George, the Admiral, who had a natural son, and then there was Charles, who became a General of Foot (under his brother John), who had a natural son (Governor of Plymouth), who had a natural son, who married a natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.

It is when we come to that generation that Mr. Rowse's book really becomes lively. He tells again the story of Charles II's reign, of the Dutch invasion, of the complicated passages, political and feminine, in the Court of Queen Anne (to whom he does unusual justice), of the Duke's superbly-conducted wars, of the political struggle at home, of the building of Blenheim (a house which, in a way, is the hero of the book), of the Duke's decay and death, and of the years of survival of his Duchess, Sarah. He, who cared nothing about French Kings and Marshals, had never been able to cope with her. But, after he died, when another notable proposed to her, she, who had been the bride of John Churchill, contemptuously refused another hand, in his name: speaking like Elizabeth at Tilbury.

The whole panorama, political, military and personal, is well displayed by Mr. Rowse: his stage is crowded and he illuminates it, kings, queens, soldiers, sailors, statesmen and literary men. But I wish that Mr. Rowse the historian hadn't allowed himself occasionally to be interrupted by Mr. Rowse the little Radical Cornish heckler from the back of the hall. Why, for instance, in a mere irrelevant parenthesis, produce the late Stanley Baldwin as a champion humbug? Baldwin, for all his difficulties, was one of the most honest and honourable men who ever served this country.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE:
DR. A. L. ROWSE.

Dr. A. L. Rowse was born in Cornwall in 1903. He was educated in Cornwall and at Christ Church, Oxford. He is a Fellow of All Souls College and devotes himself mainly to historical research and writing. He has published volumes of poetry, essays on literature and politics, and an autobiography which is called "A Cornish Childhood."



SARAH, WIFE OF JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.
"She was quite beautiful enough, with cherry lips, inclined to be petulant, her flashing blue eyes and regular nose, with its indication of wilfulness and determination . . .": a portrait of Sarah, painted when young by Verelst.

JOHN, 1ST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH IN 1690.
After the death of the great Duke of Marlborough in 1722 Chesterfield wrote: "he had a tenderness in his manner of speaking . . . and an universal and minute attention to the least thing that could possibly please the least person."

Portraits reproduced by courtesy of Earl Spencer.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Early Churchills"; by courtesy of the publisher, Macmillan and Co.

Lansdown and Roundway Down. It would be only reasonable to suppose, though we do not know, that he was present with the victorious army that entered Bristol." What we do know is that about that time, Winston, following his father's example, married "above him." His bride was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Drake of Ashe. "For the Drakes of Ashe were one of the leading families of Devon, a mediæval family that had been going on for generations, intermarried with the oldest Norman gentry of Devon, Grenvilles, Fortescues and such. Sir Bernard Drake, Sir John's grandfather, had been a foremost figure in the county in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He had had an angry pass with Sir Francis Drake, on the latter's assuming the Drake coat of arms on his return from the Voyage round the World, the most celebrated Englishman of his day. This was not good enough for Sir Bernard, who thought him an upstart and is said to have boxed the upstart's ears. But indeed any relationship between Sir Francis and the Drakes of Ashe never has been established, though he may well have belonged to a poor, forgotten offshoot of the tribe." This last remark is a conjecture with no discovered foundation; that Drake looted a coat of arms because of an identity of surname I am quite willing to believe; that the head of all the Drakes should have resented this is conceivable, though many men, even in that age, might well have been willing to admit cousinship with Sir Francis had he, however absurdly,



IN THE NEW PRIMARY GALLERIES OF INDIAN ART AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM:
A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE RAMA WITH A BOW, FROM THE MADRAS STATE. (Height; 30 ins.)



A ROMANO-BUDDHIST MASTERPIECE; A GANDHARA HEAD OF BUDDHA OF THE FOURTH
OR FIFTH CENTURIES A.D. (Lime composition. Height; 11 ins.)

The new Primary Galleries of Indian Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum were opened to the public on December 5. Until last year the Indian Section was housed in galleries adjoining the Imperial Institute. Because of the closing of this building the bulk of the Indian Collection has been moved to the former Arts Council Galleries in Burlington Gardens, which are shortly to be opened for the use of students. A selection of the finest pieces from the collection have now been arranged in three rooms at the Victoria

FOUR MASTERPIECES: FROM THE NEW INDIAN GALLERIES AT THE V. & A.



SIVA NATARAJA (SIVA AS LORD OF THE DANCE); A SUPERB BRONZE IN THE LATE CHOLA
STYLE OF ABOUT THE TWELFTH CENTURY. (Height; 35 ins.)



A TORSO OF A BODHISATTVA; A SCULPTURE FROM SANCHI IN THE GURJARA-PRATIHARA STYLE,
OF ABOUT 900 A.D. (Purplish-brown sandstone. Height; 34 ins.)

and Albert Museum to form the most impressive Indian Primary Galleries. We show here four magnificent pieces from the first of these rooms which is devoted to sculpture, in which Indian artists of many different ages have excelled. The Main Court is arranged with a selection from the Museum's famous collection of Indian Miniature paintings and a number of beautiful carpets and hangings. The third room contains mostly products of the British period and pieces made for export to the West.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

MY daughter wanted to keep red squirrels; so she bought me a pair for my birthday. In due course, the squirrels were put in a wired "house," specially built for them, measuring 20 ft. by 5 ft. by 8 ft. high. It was sited in front of our house and about 30 ft. from the windows of the living room. Thus, the animals were fairly constantly in view but far enough away not to be disturbed by anyone watching from the windows. The interior of their new home was supplied with several old tree stumps, with branches set at various angles and levels, and with two nesting-boxes, the wire walls of the enclosure being plentifully garnished with fir boughs. The animals proved not to be tame with us. Whenever anyone approached, both of them would speedily retreat to their separate nests, and if one of us then went close up to their enclosure the low, scolding notes would be heard coming from the interiors of the nesting-boxes. We had, therefore, two squirrels that were wild, for all practical purposes, living in a habitat reasonably near to their wild habitat, and having enough room to allow a natural outlet for exercise and wandering.

It was soon after the squirrels were apparently quite at home, in what should have been commodious premises, that we noticed their habit of running back and forth close to the wire at one end of the cage. Running is not quite the appropriate word. It was more a pivoting in their own length, at high speed and for several minutes on end. The action suggested a frustrated attempt to find an exit from the prison, but carried to a frenzy. It was somewhat distressing to watch. To have released the squirrels would, almost certainly, have condemned them to death, from gunshot or other cause. So we were compelled to watch the unfolding of this "zoo habit," as it has been called. Within a short while, it began to dawn on us that the habit was not a symptom of distress on the part of two captive animals.

In the first place, the swinging backwards and forwards was rhythmic, not agitated. Secondly, it was not at random, it was indulged in almost entirely at one of two points. Thirdly, the times of its performance appeared to be significant. The two squirrels would have bouts of play in which one chased the other. Frequently such play would end with one or the other racing down to the ground, to one of these chosen spots, swinging back and forth for a minute or so, after which it would climb up into its nesting-box and rest. There have been many occasions, also, when one of them has interrupted a meal to scamper down to the ground, swing backwards and forwards on one of these "playgrounds" for a half-minute before climbing back to resume feeding. The only conclusion seemed to be that this movement had little to do with desire to escape or frustration arising from incarceration.

Subsequent events seemed to support this conclusion, and at the same time provided an interesting contrast in behaviour. Some weeks after the two had arrived, we became aware that the food had remained untouched for a couple of days. Moreover, there had been no sign of either of the squirrels. On investigation, one was found dead in its nest. The nesting-box was, accordingly, removed to dispose of the carcass. During this operation there was no sign of the second

SQUIRREL DUET AND SOLO.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

squirrel. There was no movement within its box, and no scolding, even when, having assumed that it was dead also, we started to take its box down. Then, like a lightning flash, as the second nesting-box



"WHILE HANGING HEAD-DOWN IT WILL LET GO WITH THE FORE-PAWS AND SWING TO ONE SIDE . . .": A CAPTIVE SQUIRREL WHICH, WHILE ITS COMPANION WAS ALIVE, BEHAVED LIKE A WILD ANIMAL. WHEN LEFT ON ITS OWN IT BECAME TAME TO THE POINT OF SHOWING A MARKED INTEREST AND CURIOSITY IN HUMAN INTRUDERS.



IN TYPICAL ATTITUDE: THE EUROPEAN RED SQUIRREL, OF WHICH A SUB-SPECIES WAS ONCE A COMMON SIGHT THROUGHOUT BRITAIN. THE RED SQUIRREL HAS NOW BEEN LARGELY SUPPLANTED OVER MOST OF ENGLAND BY THE INTRODUCED GREY SQUIRREL.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

was just coming away from its support, the squirrel flew out and raced like a mad thing around the enclosure. At all events, half my birthday present had been salvaged.

Left to itself, changes soon began to develop in the surviving squirrel. Why it should have stayed in its box so tenaciously as long as the corpse of its companion was near is a question that cannot be answered. Within a short time after the latter's removal, however, this survivor became more approachable and would take food from the hand. More than that, it would actually

approach a human being, even a relative stranger, as if now impelled by curiosity, or a need for companionship, instead of by the impulse to escape and hide. It spent much more time out of the nesting-box, running around the branches and over the stumps. Its whole demeanour was more friendly, using that word quite advisedly. It also gave up the habit of pivoting, the "zoo habit," as I have described it. The conjunction of the friendliness with the dropping of the "zoo habit" might be taken to suggest that the latter did, indeed, represent a frustration or thwarting under the loss of complete freedom. On the other hand, it looks rather as if that particular habit has merely been modified, for now it performs gymnastics on the wire-mesh of the wall of its cage. It will run up and down the wire, not directly, but in a most complicated pattern, the main feature of which is a swinging from side to side. That is, while hanging head-down, it will let go with the fore-paws, swing to one side, hold with the fore-paws and swing the hindquarters over to bring the body again vertically downwards, and so on. Watching this new performance is to get the impression not only that it springs from high spirits but that it is a substitution for the old habit. Moreover, from this experience I would expect to find that the "zoo habit" occurs also in wild animals, completely free. I would also expect it to be rarely observed, for, in our captive squirrels, at all events, it ceases as soon as anyone appears on the scene; or, rather, as soon as the performer is aware of a human presence.

Although there occurred this marked change in behaviour, there is no reason to suppose that the original two squirrels when together were less at home or less at ease, fundamentally, than when only

one was present. One assesses this by many small details which would sound unconvincing on paper, yet which add up to a firm conviction. Even when the two were present, and were beating a retreat as soon as someone approached their cage, they appeared relaxed and in good spirits when undisturbed, that is, while we were watching them from a window. A characteristic trick exemplifying this was their sunbathing. Both of them would drape their bodies over a stout conifer twig, looking much as if they had been shot from a higher branch and had fallen limp and lifeless. The limbs would hang loose, at most the bodies would be balanced by the hind-feet on a twig, while their fore-legs and their heads hung loose. The only sign of life would be the periodic opening of the eyes, to see that all was well, while the animals luxuriated in the sunshine. Because of this watchfulness, it was never possible to approach near enough to photograph it; a telephoto lens is useless when the beast is the other side of close-meshed wire.

One thing we have noted repeatedly, which surprised me not a little, is the habit in both these squirrels of cleaning the mouth after feeding, much as a bird cleans its beak, by wiping it back and forth on a branch.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



TO BE C.-IN-C., MEDITERRANEAN :
ADMIRAL SIR R. EDWARDS.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards to be Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Station, as from January, it was reported on December 3. He will succeed Admiral Sir Guy Grantham. Until recently he was Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER : DR. WILLIAM GODFREY.
Dr. William Godfrey, at present Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, has been appointed by Pope Pius XII as the new Archbishop of Westminster, in succession to the late Cardinal Griffin, it was announced by the Vatican on December 6. It is expected that Dr. Godfrey will be made a Cardinal in the near future.



THE NEW AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER :
SIR E. HARRISON.

Sir Eric Harrison, the new Australian High Commissioner in London, arrived at Tilbury on Dec. 4. He was deputy leader to Mr. Menzies of the Australian Liberal Party, vice-president of the executive council and Minister for Defence Production. On Dec. 5, at a Press conference, he spoke of improving co-operation of the British Commonwealth (as distinct from "the Commonwealth").



NOMINATED AS MR. HOOVER'S SUCCESSOR : MR. HERTER.
On December 8 President Eisenhower accepted the resignation of Mr. Hoover and nominated Mr. Christian Herter, Governor of Massachusetts, to succeed him as Under Secretary of State. Mr. Herter is said to have a more international and less isolationist outlook than Mr. Hoover.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED AIDE-DE-CAMP GENERAL TO HER
MAJESTY : GENERAL SIR C. LOEWEN.

General Sir Charles Loewen was received by her Majesty on Dec. 4 upon relinquishing his appointment as C.-in-C., Far East Land Forces and on becoming A.D.C. General. He became Adjutant-General, and thus Second Military Member of the Army Council, last October.



HEAD OF U.N. SALVAGE TEAM FOR SUEZ :
GENERAL WHEELER.

On December 9 General Wheeler, of the United States, who is in charge of the United Nations team of experts who are to take a leading part in clearing the Suez Canal, arrived in Cairo, where he had talks with the managing director of the Egyptian Canal authority, Mahmoud Younes. On the same day he cruised in the southern part of the Canal inspecting the obstructions.



KILLED ON THE ROAD :

MISS PAULA MARSHALL, THE SINGER.
Miss Paula Marshall, the singer and wife of the well-known comedian and conjurer, David Nixon, was killed on Dec. 9 when her car overturned. She and Mr. Nixon were travelling in separate cars to Leeds, where they were to play in a pantomime. Mr. Nixon found his wife's crashed car, and later learned of her death at a hospital. There is one child.



DEATH OF THE OLDEST WOMAN IN BRITAIN :
MRS. CAROLINE BEALE.

Mrs. Caroline Beale, who would have been 108 on Dec. 30, died at Wallington on Dec. 9. She recently appeared on the B.B.C. television programme "Panorama." On the same programme there appeared a man of 105, the oldest in the country, who died twelve days later. Mrs. Beale attributed her longevity to a good digestion, a strong constitution and a busy life.



A FORMER PROVOST OF ETON: THE LATE
LORD QUICKSWOOD.

Lord Quickswood, who died on December 10, aged eighty-seven, was the fifth son of the 3rd Marquess of Salisbury, Queen Victoria's Prime Minister. As Lord Hugh Cecil he was Conservative M.P. for Greenwich from 1895-1906, and for Oxford University from 1910-37. He was Provost of Eton from 1936 until his retirement in 1944. He was created a baron in 1941.



ANGLO-U.S. MILITARY LIAISON: THE LATE
GENERAL S. N. SHOSMITH.

Major-General S. N. Shosmith, who had been Principal Staff Officer to the Deputy Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe, since 1954, died on December 3 at the age of fifty-six. He had had considerable experience of working with United States military commanders. From 1952-54 he was Deputy Chief of Staff to the United Nations Commander in Korea.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS: OCCASIONS POLITICAL, CEREMONIAL, LEGAL AND SPORTING.



THE NEW BRITISH LADIES' FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION : MISS E. A. BATCHELOR.

For the past three years Miss Batchelor has been runner-up to Miss Sugden in this championship. Miss Sugden has now retired, and at Streatham on December 4 Miss Batchelor won the championship with a clear lead.



THE FIRST WOMAN RECORDER : MISS ROSE HEILBRON, Q.C. (LEFT), AT A FUNCTION AT BURNLEY.

On December 4 Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., appointed Recorder of Burnley on November 26, attended the annual dinner of the Burnley Law Debating Society. She is seen here, watched by the Mayor, Alderman Miss Ada Proctor, signing the visitors' book.



THE BRITISH MEN'S FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION, MR. M. BOOKER, OF RICHMOND, AND THE R.A.F. At Streatham on December 4 Mr. M. Booker, who has been serving a year in the R.A.F., showed marked improvement when he won the men's figure-skating championship.



ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO BELGRADE : THE GREEK PREMIER (RIGHT) IS RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT TITO. The Greek Premier, Mr. Karamanlis, arrived in Belgrade on December 4 for a four-day official visit to Yugoslavia. He had talks with President Tito and other leaders, when the Cyprus question was among those discussed.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE CENOTAPH IN SYDNEY: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On November 29 the Duke of Edinburgh laid a wreath at the Cenotaph in Sydney. He was given an enthusiastic welcome as he drove through the city to the Cenotaph.



INSPECTING A CEREMONIAL PARADE AT THE R.M.A., SANDHURST, DURING HIS FAREWELL VISIT TO ENGLAND : MARSHAL JUIN.

On Dec. 3 Marshal Juin, during his farewell visit to England after relinquishing command of the Allied Forces, Central Europe, inspected a parade at the R.M.A., Sandhurst.



IN POONA: MR. CHOU EN-LAI, THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PRIME MINISTER, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE NATIONAL DEFENCE ACADEMY.

The Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, arrived in New Delhi on November 27 at the start of a twelve-day visit to India. During his visit to Poona he took the salute at the National Defence Academy's cadets passing-out parade.



DURING THEIR FIVE-WEEK VISIT TO INDIA: THE DALAI LAMA (CENTRE) WITH THE PANCHEN LAMA (ALSO RIDING) IN THE HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS.

The Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama of Tibet are making a five-week visit to India, where they arrived on November 25. Part of their visit overlapped with that of the Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, who was making a twelve-day tour of India.

FROM FOUR CITIES: AN AIR-CRASH; AND ITEMS TECHNICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.



PART OF WASHINGTON'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE LORTON, VIRGINIA, MISSILE LAUNCHING STATION, WITH ITS SIX NIKE BATTERIES. The *Nike* is a land-to-air supersonic missile which seeks out and destroys its target, especially the high-flying supersonic bomber. The station shown, with *Nikes* at various angles, is one of three sites which ring the American capital, but these are not its sole form of anti-aircraft defence.

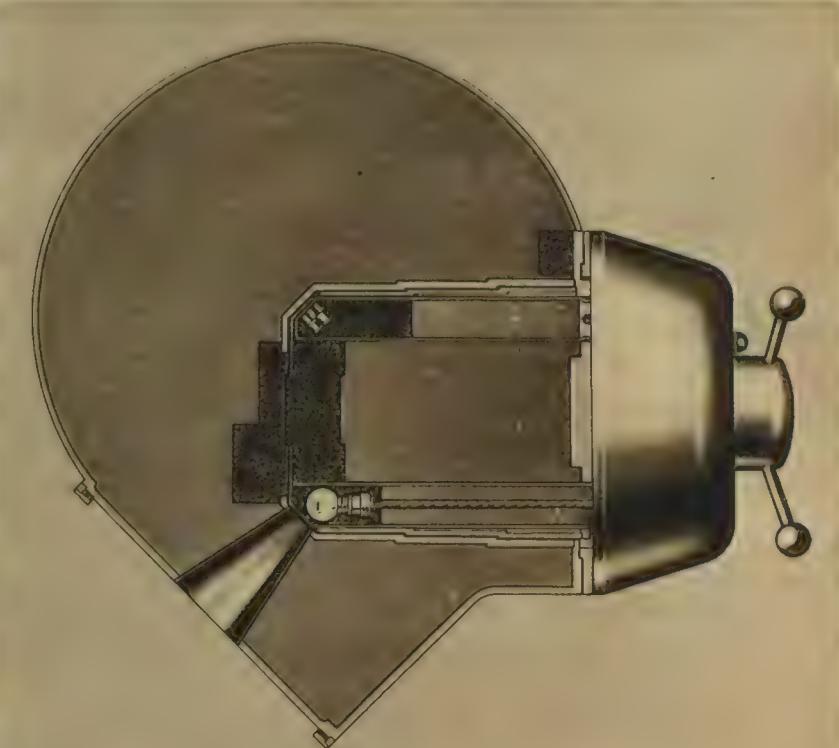


TO BE ERECTED OVER THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON: THE NEW STONE-AND-CONCRETE BRIDGE SEEN HERE IN MODEL FORM.

The work of dismantling the ninety-nine-year-old iron bridge over St. James's Park lake started on December 5. A sum of about £23,000 for a new bridge was given by an anonymous donor on condition that the work started before the end of 1956 and is completed in 1957. The new bridge will have three spans of pre-stressed concrete, supporting a deck of natural stone.



THE "COBALTRON," THE FIRST "KILOCURIE" COBALT TELETHERAPY UNIT PRODUCED BY BRITISH INDUSTRY, WHICH WAS OPENED AT THE LONDON CLINIC ON DECEMBER 4. In this remarkable cobalt teletherapy unit, during treatment the centre is rotated so that the cobalt changes place with the light bulb and the rays are directed through the funnel on to the patient. The apparatus was built by Nuclear Engineering Ltd., of Greenwich, and was formally opened at the London Clinic by Sir Horace Evans, the Queen's physician.



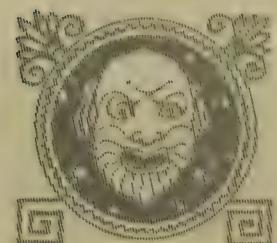
THE TREATMENT HEAD OF THE "COBALTRON." IN THE CENTRE IS ONE-THIRD OF A CUBIC INCH OF RADIOACTIVE COBALT 60, SURROUNDED BY LEAD AND TUNGSTEN ALLOY SHIELDING.



A JET CRASH IN WHICH NOBODY WAS SERIOUSLY HURT: THE SCENE IN LOS ANGELES AFTER A U.S.A.F. JET TRAINER CRASH-LANDED ON TWO HOUSES. On December 6 a U.S. Air Force jet trainer crash-landed in a residential area of Los Angeles as it was approaching the International Airport. After hitting a power pylon, another house and a garage, it landed by the two houses (shown above) which were set alight. None of the occupants of the houses was hurt and the pilot escaped from the burning aircraft with slight injuries.



FINDING OUT IF THERE IS WORKING WEATHER AHEAD: A DUTCH BRICK-LAYER, WORKING ON A NEW HOUSE IN AMSTERDAM, GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE ROYAL DUTCH METEOROLOGICAL INSTITUTE WHICH NOW ISSUES SPECIAL WEATHER FORECASTS FOR BUILDERS THREE TIMES A DAY.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

DEEPS AND SHALLOWS.

By PETER FORSTER.

THERE have been several good films recording underwater exploration, but none, that I know of, quite so remarkable as Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau's "The Silent World." Cousteau, as many people and most fish already know, is the French naval officer who, in the course of the past twenty years, has become the greatest authority on deep-sea diving; it was he who developed the "aqualung," the ingenious apparatus for underwater breathing which freed divers from the encumbering necessity of the diving suit in favour of the more suitable birthday suit.

In 1951, he and his team set out in the ship *Calypso* on an expedition sponsored by the French Centre for Research and Oceanographic Studies, and this film shows what they saw beneath the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf.

And the fantastic sights they did see! The accompanying commentary is of no particular distinction, but there is at least one striking notion when we are told that certain of the photographs, taken at a depth of more than 200 ft. where the ocean is of a Stygian darkness, showed colours which "no man or fish" had ever seen before! And what colours they are, these corals and algae and sponges and anemones, in myriad, shimmering hues, iridescent, opalescent, deliquescent. Davy Jones's Locker turns out to be heaped with jewellery, and if I hesitate before the word indescribable, it is because I remember Comus Bassington's famous retort when another account ended with that word: "Thank you all the same for describing it to me."

This much of the film is sheer delight, but it is not all: the denizens break in. Of the various episodes—as distinct from the general potpourri of underwater views—the one which most caught my imagination was that dealing with the discovery and investigation of the wreck of an ammunition ship, torpedoed during the last war. Coral is scraped from a ship's bell that will sound no more. In a cabin, belongings are cocooned with weed. On the bridge, the useless instruments have become rusted and crusted

tear to pieces a dead young whale, filmed from a shark-proof cage lowered over the *Calypso*'s side, which must be among the most dramatic and revolting ever shown. Indeed, the obscenity of these huge, murderous scavengers, tearing the corpse apart after a preliminary circling, truly described by the commentator as a dance of death, seemed to communicate a strange, unwholesome frenzy to the ship's crew, who set about killing the sharks with what struck this cinematic spectator as

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CAPTAIN JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU ABOARD THE CALYPSO IN HIS FILM "THE SILENT WORLD."

In making his choice Peter Forster writes: "The fish are naturally to the fore in 'The Silent World,' but I for one found that much the most interesting face in this extraordinary film belongs to the human being who made it. In the glimpses we get of him, Captain Cousteau seldom smiles; his manner is peremptory; we feel that he resents the time on deck and is impatient to get below the water again. He has the air and the visage of the truly obsessed man, the lean, ascetic look of the mystic whose cell is submarine, who contemplates not the sky but the sea. How different his stern self-dedication from those of us who like to put on underwater goggles and mask, and play with them at the seaside on our summer holiday."

into the Mystique of the Fishman, I jib, and there are all too many implications from the commentary that this is the case. There is a ring of something far from merely fanciful about the voice which obsequiously says that the fish "permit" us into their homes, and ascribes human reactions to a tame, unbelievably ugly grouper.

This straight-faced, serious willingness to transfer human thoughts to non-humans is more than I can take. There is one shot—quite superb as a photograph—of a turtle which has just laid its eggs, returning to the sea with eyes filmy—these, the commentator would have us know, are tears, by which are meant human-type tears. It is scarcely a beautiful sight; it is hardly an edifying remark. But then, like Malvolio, "I think nobly of the soul," and in no way accept that the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a fish.

From the silent world to the noisy, and a new film directed by William Wyler, "Friendly Persuasion," based on a novel by Jessamyn West, and dealing, like a greater novel, with the issues of war and peace. This is set in South Indiana, and centres upon a Quaker farmer's household at the time of the American Civil War.

The first half of the film (which, like "The Silent World," is at least half an hour too long) deals with peace. The Birdwell family are established as likeable people, their Quaker religion being constantly invoked to deliver them from the temptations of buggy-racing or fisticuffs or dancing at a local fair. Gary Cooper is the father, mellow and softer in impact than usual; Dorothy McGuire is the mother, dignified and delightful, but still in need of a rôle worthy of her knack of being at once sophisticated and sentimental. On the whole, their teenage children, played by Anthony Perkins and Phyllis Love, have the better parts and make more impression.

Then violence, in the shape of Confederate raiders, tests the small Quaker community, and



"DAVY JONES'S LOCKER TURNS OUT TO BE HEAPED WITH JEWELLERY": A SHOT FROM "THE SILENT WORLD," SHOWING SOME OF THE FREE DIVERS. THIS FILM, WHICH IS IN TECHNICOLOR, HAS BEEN MADE BY CAPTAIN JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU AND LOUIS MALLE. "THE SILENT WORLD" WON A GRAND PRIX AT THIS YEAR'S CANNES FESTIVAL! (LONDON PREMIERE: CURZON CINEMA, NOVEMBER 30.)

unnecessary relish: altogether a gruesome and macabre episode.

For many the stars of the film will be the fish. Captain Cousteau's camera turns the ocean into a vast aquarium. Here are fish beyond the dreams of Billingsgate; fish like caricatures; fish like ceramics; fish like monsters; fish like pets; fish like puzzles. Some look like ye gods, others like little fishes; several, like people I know. Cousteau's silent world has its inhabitants.

And here I begin to feel a little uneasy. Viewed as sport, as spectacle or scientific study, this underwater exploration seems to me a fascinating, invigorating and valid pursuit. But when it turns



"CENTRING UPON A QUAKER FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD AT THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR": "FRIENDLY PERSUASION"—A SCENE SHOWING (L. TO R.) GARD JORDAN (MARK RICHMAN), JOSH BIRDWELL (ANTHONY PERKINS), ELIZA BIRDWELL (DOROTHY MCGUIRE), JESS BIRDWELL (GARY COOPER), AND MATTIE BIRDWELL (PHYLLIS LOVE). (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, NOVEMBER 22.)

into strange statuary. On the deck, incongruously, there leans against the rail what is still recognisably a bicycle. Below, among the twisted girders, a large incurious fish hovers in the jagged hole through which the torpedo tore its way. There should be something indecent about this grave-peering; one is disturbing men at rest. Yet somehow the silence and the stillness lend a due reverence to intrusion. The dead ship is not tragic or shocking.

But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

All is not still, however, in this silent world. There is a sequence in which sharks

should in turn test the film's ability to come to serious grips with its theme, the practice of pacifist theory. But no: the folksiness is all, and apart from a few moments when Mr. Cooper and Mr. Perkins come up against the realities of aggression, there is nothing to engage the mind, merely some brief, if well-contrived heroics, and then the Quakers are back to worrying about buggy-racing and the rest, with no indication what they (or we) are meant to have learned from the violent interlude. It all adds up to something very like a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical without the music.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE" (General Release, January 7).—The mendacious title conceals a big, rowdy average musical about three American song-writers in the 'twenties.

"TIGER IN THE SMOKE" (General Release, December 24).—Commando killer loose in London. A violent British film generally agreed to be less effective than Margery Allingham's novel on which it is based.

DISTRESS ON THE THAMES: OIL-SATURATED SWANS BEING RESCUED AND TREATED.



BEING REMOVED FROM THE RIVER BY ANIMAL WELFARE WORKERS: OIL-SATURATED SWANS

LABOURING UP THE SHINGLE AT BANKSIDE
AFTER A BARGE CARRYING OIL HAD
SUNK IN THE THAMES
ON DECEMBER 8.



BLACKENED WITH OIL: TWO BADLY AFFECTION SWANS BEING
RESCUED BY R.S.P.C.A. OFFICIALS AT BLACKFRIARS.



AFTER BEING RESCUED FROM THE RIVER: OIL-COVERED SWANS BEING PUT INTO AN R.S.P.C.A. ANIMAL AMBULANCE IN WHICH THEY WERE TAKEN TO A CLINIC FOR TREATMENT.



LYING EXHAUSTED IN THE BOTTOM OF A POLICE LAUNCH: SWANS, BADLY AFFECTION BY OIL, BEING COLLECTED FOR TREATMENT. MANY OF THEM WERE DYING WHEN RESCUED.



WITH THEIR WHITE PLUMAGE COATED WITH BLACK OIL: SWANS AWAITING TREATMENT AT THE P.D.S.A. SANATORIUM AT ILFORD.

After a barge carrying 200 tons of oil sank in the Thames at Battersea on December 8 hundreds of swans became saturated with the oil. Teams from the animal welfare organisations and river police immediately started rescue operations. Boats went up and down the river, using their wash to drive the swans to the banks where rescue workers lifted them from the water. The birds were then sent in animal ambulances to clinics at Putney, Southall



AT A PUTNEY ANIMAL CLINIC: FULLER'S EARTH BEING RUBBED INTO A SWAN'S FEATHERS TO ABSORB THE THICK BLACK OIL.

and Ilford. Many of the rescued swans were beyond help because they had already swallowed oil while trying to clean their feathers. The other birds were first covered in Fuller's Earth, to absorb the worst of the glutinous oil, and then given a detergent and soap bath—a treatment which has to be repeated daily until all the oil is removed. At the time of writing, over 100 of the 350 birds rescued have died or have had to be destroyed.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HAUNTED DAYS AND NIGHTS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ANNE (pronounced "Anna") Frank was a little Jewish girl in Nazi-occupied Amsterdam. In 1942, when she was thirteen, she, her father and mother, her elder sister, and four friends, went into hiding in the attics of a warehouse: "the Secret Annexe." For two years, miraculously, they escaped detection, aided the while by loyal Dutch friends. Then at last, as it had to do, the Gestapo came. In the spring of 1945 Anne died in Belsen. Of the eight refugees who had to face the horrors of Belsen and Auschwitz, only the father, Otto Frank, survived.

Anne's diary remained, undiscovered, in the hiding-place. When it was found after the war, those two years came to detailed, tingling life as seen by a girl, gay and sensitive, just moving into the light—a very human child moreover, no ineffectual angel. Publication, as "The Diary of a Young Girl," made it clear that Anne Frank's story would remain among the astonishing documents of the war. Two American dramatists, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, have now fashioned a play from it—it is running at the Phoenix Theatre as "The Diary of Anne Frank"—of which, some days after the première, I can still hardly bring myself to write.

Do not mistake me. The last few words, or their equivalent, mean usually that a writer is preparing to enjoy himself as he batters through the obstacles on an assault course. As a rule he drags in the word "charitable," and not much will be left of the play when he has finished. Not so here. I saw the last scenes of "Anne Frank" through a blur of tears (why not confess when one has been moved at the theatre?). It is hard to write about the play because it is not so much a calculated piece for the stage as a document of an extraordinary experience.

Before going to the Phoenix I had not read the diary. But I did know of the fate of Anne and her family, and it was this that clenched the imagination so powerfully from the first. One realised that the long endurance in the "Secret Annexe" would be for nothing: that at length the Gestapo must force the door and that presently only Anne's journal would remain to speak for the two hidden years.

There are certain moments, great or small, in literature that we remember, chilled: at random, the knocking on the door in "Macbeth," and the tapping of Blind Pew's stick upon the frosty road. I shall remember, too, the shattering blows of the Gestapo that at last break down the door in the Prinsengracht. It was a sound that, subconsciously, I had waited for all night. No one else is seen. There is just the noise below. In the room they are prepared: the father and mother, Margot and Anna, the three Van Daans (parents and son). Dussel, the dentist, has flung himself in despair upon a bed. In a moment the Gestapo will be there, all horror in its train.

Maybe it is possible, in cold blood, to take the play to pieces, to shred the performances, to be cynical about this or that, to say a few words on technique, to pat X and Y on the back, to dismiss Z, and to go on easily to the next task. But I cannot do this. I can say only that the night, coming as it did so soon after events in Central Europe, moved me deeply. The performances of

Perlita Neilson as Anna, and George Voskovec as her father, have the light of truth itself, and Frith Banbury has directed as an artist should, refusing in any way to smudge the clear outline of the tale. The composite setting (by Boris Aronson) among the gables and roof-tops of

Amsterdam, is evocative—uncannily so. I am surprised that in a day when it is usual for the most ordinary sitting-room set to be applauded on curtain-rise, the audience did not respond at once.

But, at the end, it did respond. Doubtless objectors will be asking why the play was written at all. The final reception from the first-night house is surely the answer to that. There was nothing conventional in this applause. Since then, too, I have read the book and observed the way in which Miss Goodrich and Mr. Hackett have reproduced it for the stage. Maybe one would have done differently here and there, chipped out this line, tightened that speech. No matter; one has never felt less like inquiring anxiously into technique. What

counts is that the book is with us in a stage version that has not been cheapened. For the imaginative and the responsive, it is an evening of almost painfully mounting emotion.

Possibly it is well to read the book before going to the theatre. That is arguable. In any event, the haunting terror of the play must be heightened if we know what happened to the people after the beating upon the door. Van Daan was put to death in the gas chamber at Auschwitz; Anne's mother died after trying to stop an S.S. guard from assaulting her elder daughter, Margot; both Margot, first, and then Anne, died of typhus in the hell of Belsen. Anne died two months before the Netherlands were freed; she was aged fifteen years and nine months. All the others perished except the father, Otto Frank. He was in the hospital at Auschwitz when the Soviet armies reached the camp in January 1945; finally, with a few other survivors, he got to the Black Sea port of Odessa, where a New Zealand ship brought them back to Western Europe.

It seems right that such a play as this should be presented now. Only a fortnight before the Gestapo came to the Prinsengracht Anne had written:

In spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart. I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery, and death. I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness, I hear the ever-approaching thunder, which will destroy us too, I can feel the sufferings of millions, and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty, too, will end, and that peace and tranquillity will return again. In the meantime, I must uphold my ideals, for perhaps the time will come when I shall be able to carry them out.

The last sentence should be in everyone's mind on these remarkable evenings at the Phoenix Theatre.

I have room only to report—that the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is back (now at the Princes) for an extended Gilbert-and-Sullivan season. "Ruddigore," from a Redderring in Cornwall that I seem always to be on the point of recognising—though I never knew the Castle itself—came through as happily as ever. (How hollow many of these over-boomed American "musicals" appear beside it!). Peter Pratt is a quiet Robin, and all the better for that; and Donald Adams sings "When the night wind howls" in a way that the lamented Darrell Fancourt would have applauded. The Portrait Gallery

scene, in Peter Goffin's fine set—low in tone except for the heraldic banners and for the carpet with its vermillion and billiard-table green—is again supremely well managed.

We have an international occasion at the Adelphi. There an able twice-nightly revue, "United Notions," presents the downright Tommy Trinder, the expert dancing of George Tapps, and the resolutely Parisienne Patachou. I cannot say more, for the week belongs to Anne Frank and her family. "Come like shadows, so depart." No thought of that they stay in the heart and in the mind.

* In the translation by B. M. Mooyaart Doubleday.



"FOR THE IMAGINATIVE AND THE RESPONSIVE, IT IS AN EVENING OF ALMOST PAINFULLY MOUNTING EMOTION": "THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK" (PHENIX), SHOWING THE SCENE AT THE PARTY IN THE ATTIC WHEN ANNE (PERLITA NEILSON) GIVES HER MOTHER (VERA FUSEK) AN I.O.U. PROMISING "TO PAY TEN HOURS OF DOING WHATEVER YOU SAY," WHICH ALSO DELIGHTS HER FATHER, OTTO FRANK (GEORGE VOSKOVEC).



"IN THE ROOM THEY ARE PREPARED . . . IN A MOMENT THE GESTAPO WILL BE THERE": A HAUNTING SCENE FROM "THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK," WITH (L. TO R.) MARGOT (CLARISSA STOLZ), MRS. FRANK (VERA FUSEK), MRS. VAN DAAN (MIRIAM KARLAN), MR. VAN DAAN (MAX BACON), ANNE (PERLITA NEILSON), PETER VAN DAAN (HARRY LOCKART), MR. DUSSEL (JOHN GABRIEL—KNEELING) AND MR. FRANK (GEORGE VOSKOVEC).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE TOUCH OF FEAR" (Aldwych).—Dorothy and Campbell Christie's play, to which I will return. (December 5.)
- "THE WAY OF THE WORLD" (Saville).—Kay Hammond as Millamant, John Clements as Mirabell, in Congreve's comedy. (December 6.)
- "THE GONDOLIERS" (Princes).—The second revival in the new Gilbert-and-Sullivan season. (December 10.)
- "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Old Vic).—Robert Helpmann's Shylock. (December 11.)
- "MRS. GIBBONS' BOYS" (Westminster).—New American comedy. (December 11.)
- "THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Royal Court).—Wycherley revival, directed by George Devine. (December 12.)
- "WHO CARES?" (Fortune).—A play by Leo Lehman, under the management and direction of Basil Dean. (December 13.)

"THE CHELTENHAM DIAMOND RUSH"; THE SMITHFIELD SHOW; AND OTHER ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



CAT'S-EYE ANKLETS FOR PEDESTRIANS ON COUNTRY ROADS : THREE VERSIONS OF A SAFETY DEVICE RECENTLY DEVELOPED IN GERMANY, WHICH PERHAPS HAVE A FASHION VALUE.



NOT A MOTORISED MOBY DICK : BUT A CAR UNDERGOING A RIGOROUS FREEZING TEST AT THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY'S PLANT AT LONGBRIDGE.



THE HEAVIEST TURKEY AT THE NATIONAL POULTRY SHOW, OLYMPIA : A 45-LB. 14-OZ. BROAD-BREASTED BRONZE COCK, ENTERED BY MR. R. G. CHALMERS WATSON.



THE WINNER OF AN ITV "DIAMOND RUSH," MR. S. WOODROW (RIGHT), BEING OFFERED THE DIAMONDS. On December 8, as part of an ITV television programme, diamonds valued at £1000 were buried in a field at Cheltenham. At a pistol-shot, previously selected competitors raced forward, consulted clues and staked claims to particular spots of ground.



(Above.)
THE "DIAMOND PROSPECTORS" DIGGING FOR THE DIAMONDS DURING A COMMERCIAL TELEVISION COMPETITION.



AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW : SIR WILLIAM ROOTES (LEFT) RECEIVING THE SHEEP CHAMPIONSHIP, THE PRINCE OF WALES CUP, FOR HIS PEN OF HAMPSHIRE DOWN EWE LAMBS.



SUPREME CHAMPION AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW : MR. A. H. STOBO'S HIGHLAND PRINCESS, A BLUE-GREY SHORTHORN CROSS ABERDEEN-ANGUS HEIFER. The Smithfield Fat Stock Show opened at Earls Court on December 3 for five days, with a record entry in the cattle classes. This entry of 449 had to be scaled down to 390 for reasons of space. The Aberdeen-Angus breed appeared to especial advantage ; and the Supreme Champion, *Highland Princess*, fetched the record price of £1600.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHEN a book is widely and loudly trumpeted as one of the rare master-pieces of the age, one has a twofold impulse to knuckle under—first from sheer weak-mindedness, and secondly, from becoming diffident. In the case of "The Lost Steps," by Alejo Carpentier (Gollancz; 15s.), there is a third factor: the impressive and indeed intimidating quality of the work itself. "This superb novel, published in Mexico in 1953," certainly set out to be a masterpiece, "a book of rich and magnificent poetry"; and it set out with a lot of luggage. Its whole moderate-sized canvas is, like the Grammarian's burial-place, "crowded with culture." And yet its topics, far from original in themselves, are the ghastly Epoch (with a capital E to suggest horror), the unspoilt Primitive (though he is not to be called primitive) and the Archetypal Woman. . . . Yes, there is something of D. H. Lawrence: if you can imagine a petrified Lawrence. . . .

But I am going too far; it is in its way a dazzling story. The narrator, a failed and embittered genius from South America, lives in New York and spends his days churning out film music and his nights in riot. He has an almost inaccessible actress-wife, and a pseudo-cultured mistress called Mouche. And it is Mouche, with her parrot-enthusiasm for "escape" and the "call of the unknown," who drags him off to the Orinoco to collect primitive musical instruments. He would have turned down the chance, but Mouche is determined to go along. Yet from the first she can't take it; while on him, in their first city, the very sound of Spanish words like a charm. And the journey is magical; step by step, they move not only deeper into the wilds, but further back in time, as he used once to do in art galleries. Back from the Romantic period, through the Conquest and the Middle Ages, to the Palaeolithic, the "frontiers of mankind," the world of Genesis . . . and a secret, primordial "city" in the jungle, "the city of Enoch." By now he has bundled the collapsed Mouche home with malaria, in favour of the archetypal Rosario, who always speaks of herself in the third person as "your woman." And he meant to stay here for life; only, he is now furiously inspired and short of paper. So he allows himself to be whisked back on a "rescue" plane, just for the moment. . . . On his return trip, the jungle "signpost" is under water, and the Archetype has taken another man.

The time-journey, with its amazing set-pieces, its mass of learning, its apocalyptic décor, certainly makes one gasp. However it becomes a wearing achievement; and the people, though "epic," are not interesting.

OTHER FICTION.

In "The Tribe That Lost its Head," by Nicholas Monsarrat (Cassell; 18s.), the lesson is (almost) that British colonial administration can do no wrong, and that its only villains are poisonous pressmen on the spot, and pesky pseudo-reformers in the Commons. The demonstration is drawn from a fictitious island, Pharamaul, which owes its whole existence to Great Britain; and since it came into being, wise, tender and selfless guardians have done everything possible for the backward Maulas. They are still pegging away when the young Chief-Designate, Dinamaula, returns from England—on the same plane with Tulbach Browne of the *Daily Thresh*. The carion-bird scents his prey; and before long Dinamaula is in the sulks, Pharamaul is news, the vultures gather, and Mau Mau (under another name) is in obscene swing. . . . There is also a new recruit, and a love-interest. And immense vivacity; and it is easy, as well as congenial, to believe that most British administrators are good men. One can also believe that some reporters make mischief. The indigestible factors are the extremism, and the tone of voice—which is at moments waspish enough to fit Tulbach Browne.

"Afternoon of an Autocrat," by Norah Lofts (Michael Joseph; 15s.), presents Clevely village, in Suffolk, just as the eighteenth century and the good old stick-in-the-mud squire are on their way out. Enclosure is at the door; and under the new man it will be the worst and harshest form of Enclosure. Soon he is cut off, by a sequence of dramatic events combining Methodism and the Black Art. There is a touching romance for Richard's wife; but Enclosure and the evicted Waste-dwellers rank highest.

"Man of Two Tribes," by Arthur Upfield (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), features the dead, flat and dread Nullarbor Plain in South Australia. Here a newly acquitted husband-murderess has disappeared; and according to a lone old prospector-dingo-trapper (who has since died) there was a helicopter about. . . . Which brings in a security angle, and Inspector Bonaparte. Bony starts off as the late Lonergan's half-caste nephew, to reclaim his possessions and traps—site unknown; and his easy round of them, in company with the old man's dog and two camels, is the most charming part. The solution (non-security and fantastic) involves his dumping in an underground cavern with a group of released murderers, and then a harsher trail back to civilisation. The "problem" is Mr. Upfield's wildest; but his unique hinterland has scarcely ever been more attractive.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS; IDEAS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

IT is a pleasure to see that fine writer and veteran journalist, Mr. Laurie Cade, contributing to the "True Book" series a volume on "Pioneer Airmen" (Muller; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Cade made his first flight in a bi-plane at Brooklands nearly fifty years ago, sitting behind a fur-gloved young man and gripping the wires of the contraption in which he was precariously seated. He rose to about 100 ft., but, as he says, was glad to be back on *terra firma*, and to shake the hand of the pilot, a certain Tommy Sopwith, now Sir Thomas Sopwith, a great airman and a great aircraft constructor. His young readers may find some of his early stories almost unbelievable in this jet age. It is odd to think that there are many survivors of the original R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S., who fought (without parachutes) in machines in which the modern pilots would not trust themselves for an instant even to Mr. Cade's 100 ft.! Mr. Cade has written an almost perfect book for the young air-minded boy.

In the same series is the True Book about "Famous Voyages in Small Boats," by John Merrett (7s. 6d.). This recounts in an exciting and satisfying manner some of the finest of sea adventures. Naturally, there are stories from Captain Bligh to Shackleton and the *Kon-Tiki*.

Not the least interesting of the True Books is that about "The Atlantic," by Warren Armstrong (7s. 6d.). The stories of the great Atlantic disasters are, of course, a "natural," and Mr. Armstrong tells them with clarity and competence. I was extremely interested in what he has to say about the height of Atlantic waves, which he maintains are grossly exaggerated, though the giant liner *Leviathan* in 1928 was struck by a huge wave which wrecked the searchlight on the ship's foremast 85 ft. above the water-line! The only criticism I have to make of the book is that the most dramatic of all Atlantic stories, the sinking of the *Titanic*, is inadequately told, and I am sure that Mr. Armstrong is quite wrong when he says that the berg loomed up out of the night. In point of fact, the look-out spotted the berg three-quarters-of-a-mile ahead and the great liner started to turn. This was her undoing, as the *Titanic* was sunk by a gash 2 ins. wide—but 200 ft. long.

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,

runs a line in the marching song of the United States Marines. This refers to the American expedition made against the Dey of Algiers at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Dey was the Nasser of the time and had seized American shipping and enslaved American citizens. Uninhibited then by United Nations resolutions or the Afro-Asian bloc, the Americans carried out a smart little naval war to punish those who interfered with international shipping. Mr. C. S. Forester tells the story in his own inimitable style in "The Barbary Pirates" (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.). There is a moral in the story, but it is likely to be lost on youthful readers in the exciting telling of this interesting tale.

From the same stables come "Alexander the Great" (8s. 6d.), by John Gunther. If this is the same John Gunther of "Inside Europe" and other books on international politics, then it is certainly a *tour de force*. Boys of all ages, except the littlest, will find it an excellent and simply told introduction to one of the most fluid periods in world history.

A story that can never be told too often, especially in these days when we seem to have lost faith in ourselves, is that of the defeat by the tiny and impoverished England of 1588 of the designs of the vast empire of Philip II of Spain. Frances Winwar retells that stirring tale in "Queen Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada" (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.) with liveliness and zest.

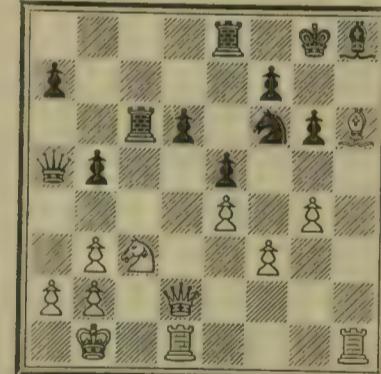
In "Royal Canadian Mounted Police" (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.), Richard Neuberger describes this famous corps and its exploits from its small beginnings with 150 men in 1873 to its modern mechanised efficiency of to-day.

An educative and admirably illustrated book is the "Commonwealth and Empire Annual" (Bruce and Gawthorn; 15s.). There are far too few books of this sort, and a volume which surveys the whole scope of the Commonwealth simply and with pride, and which is sufficiently up to date to include a description of her Majesty's visit to Nigeria, should command a ready sale.

For the slightly older boy (or indeed his sister), there is "London Through the Ages," by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Methuen; 15s.), a delightful and charmingly illustrated history of the capital city.

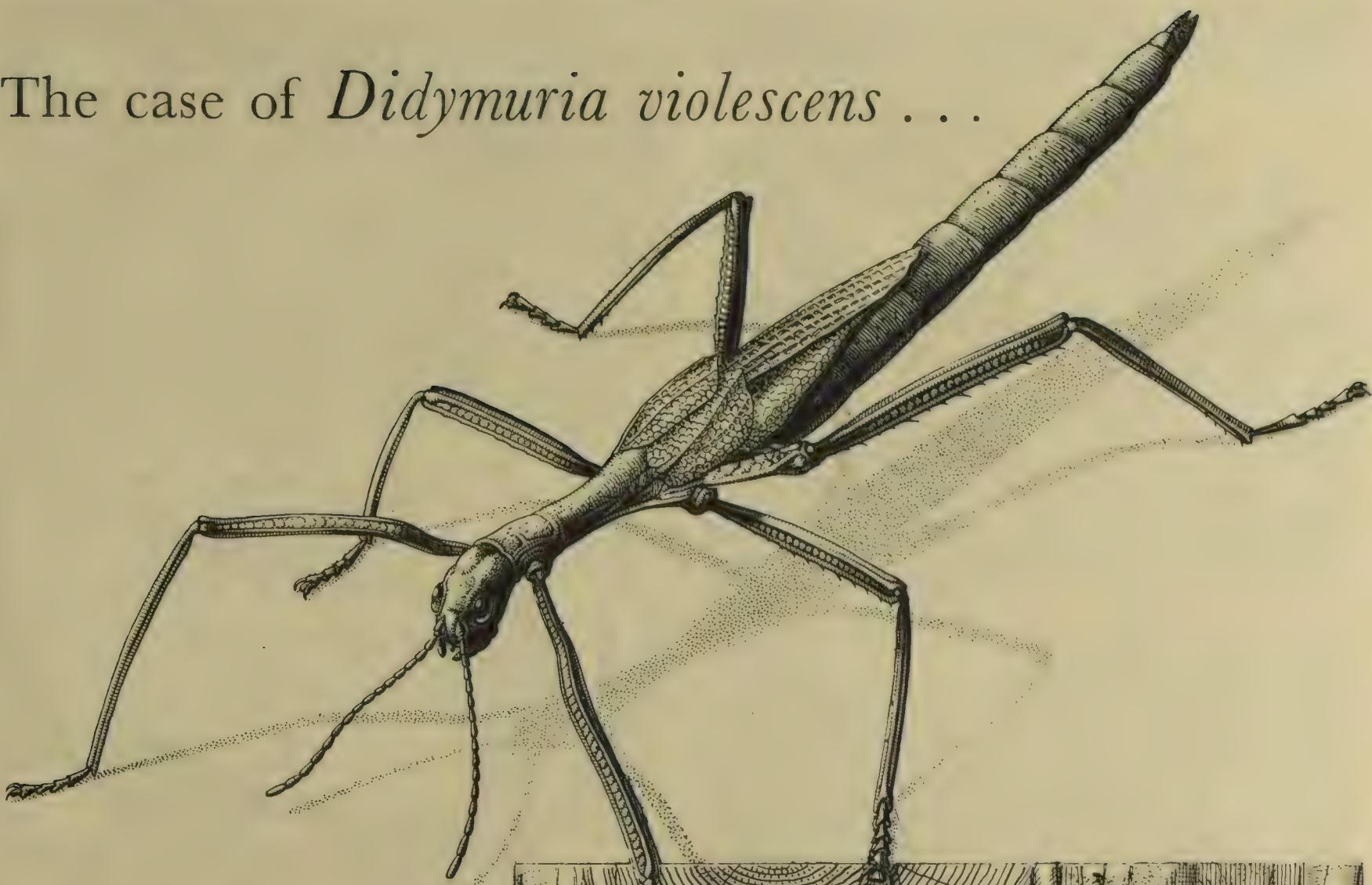
To conclude. Here are two books for the young hopeful, who is historically and archaeologically-minded. The first is "Going into the Past," by Gordon Copley (Phoenix; 8s. 6d.). This deals exclusively with our own country, but with its photographs, its maps and drawings, it will enable the young man to win unexpected marks if he is examined in pre-history or Roman times. The other, much more sumptuously illustrated with colour reproductions, is "Puzzle of the Past," by Ronald Jessup (Rathbone; 15s.). This casts its net far more widely, and provides for the child of any age (including those of middle age!) a fascinating picture of the world which was familiar to our ancestors in European and near-Eastern lands.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



White is doing well, but how he is to press home his king's side attack before Black can play . . . P-Kt5 and . . . R-R3 is not clear. Mohrlok makes it seem easy. His first move threatens 22. R×Bch and 23. B×Ktch.
 21. B-Kt5 B-Kt2 23. Kt-Q5 Q-Q1
 22. B×Kt B×B
 23. . . . Q×Q would lose a piece: 24. Kt×Bch.
 24. Q-R6 B-Kt2 26. R-R2 Q-Kt4
 25. Q-R7ch K-B1 27. R(Q1)-R1 P-B3
 How is White to break through?
 28. Q×Bch! K×Q 29. R-R7ch Resigns
 He is mated: 29. . . . K-B1; 30. R-R8ch, K-B2;
 31. R(R1)-R7ch, K-K3; 32. R×R mate.

The case of *Didymuria violescens* . . .



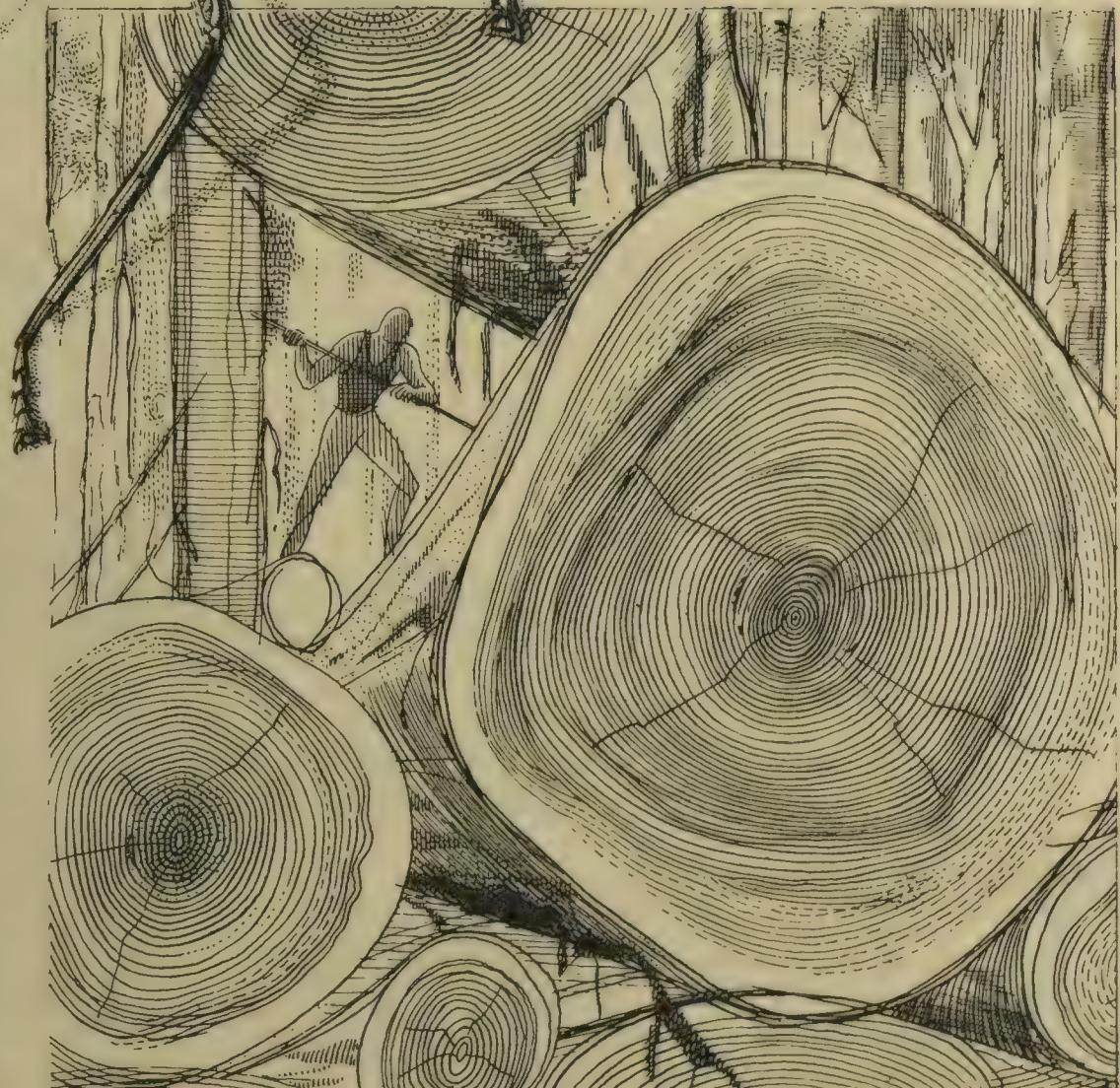
For the past few years the valuable hardwood forests of New South Wales have been under an increasing threat of insect plague—a plague which, if uncontrolled, will eventually destroy vast areas of precious timber.

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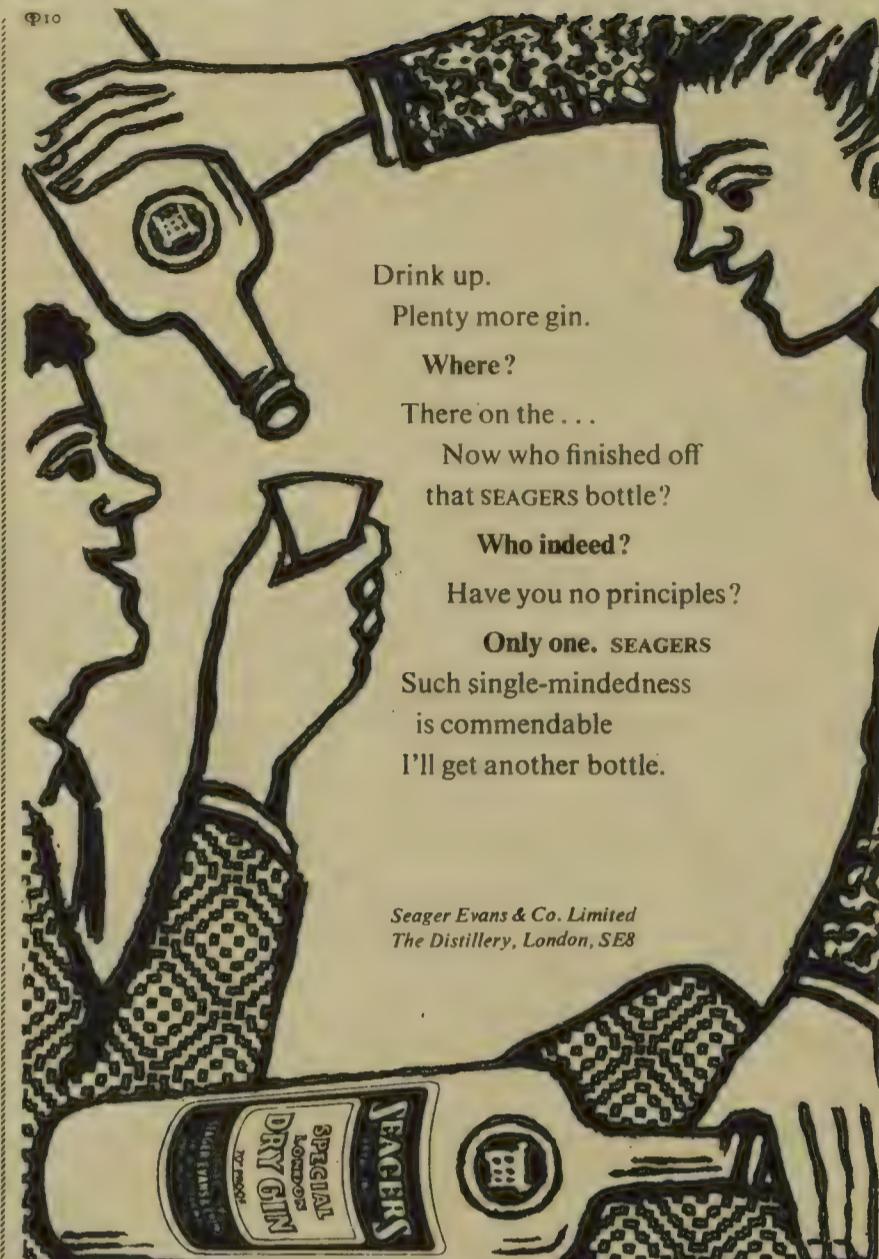
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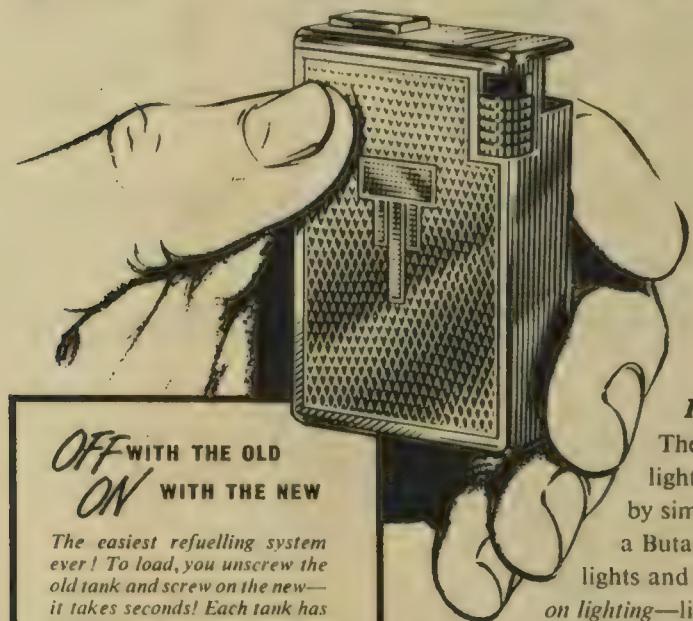
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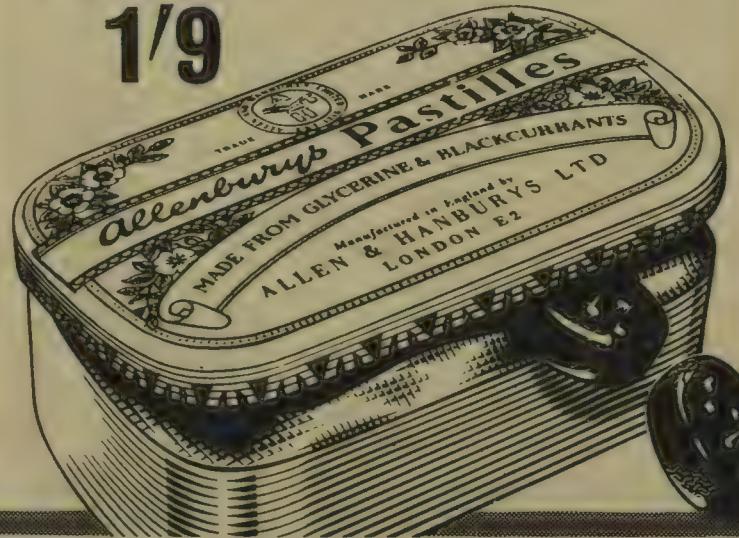
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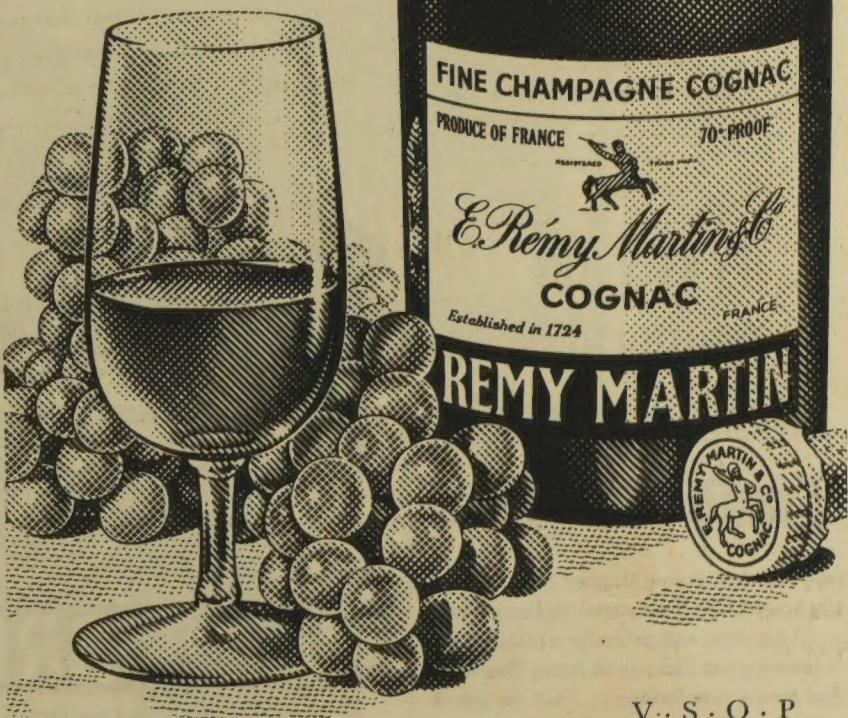
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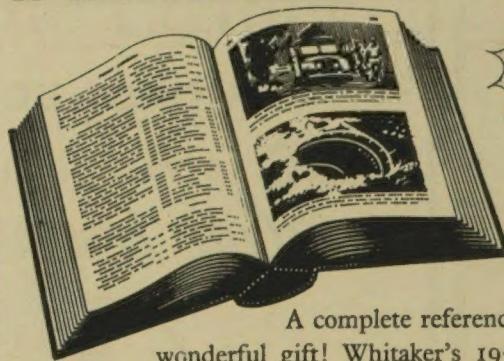


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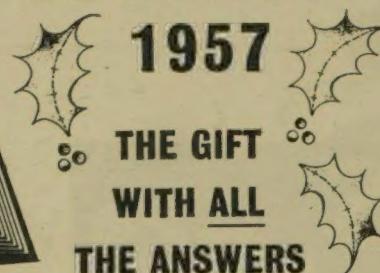
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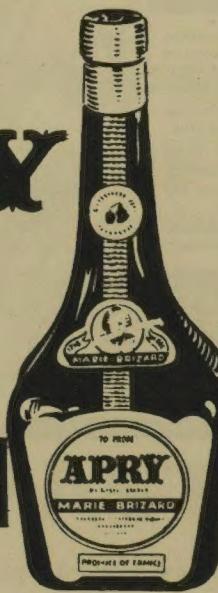
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